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National Communism for Poland?

► RECENT EVENTS in Poland are profoundly revealing: they demonstrate desperate and unsuccessful Soviet attempts to stem the tide of de-Stalinization. They indicate Soviet anxiety not to loosen the ties with the most important People's Democracy in the West but to keep the latter on the single "road to socialism." They show the rift in the highest echelons of the Polish Communist Party—no longer a monolithic bloc but rather three warring factions: the nationalists led by Gomulka, Ochab's moderate nationalists, and the Stalinist "Natolin" group.

Soviet intervention has helped to destroy the illusion fondly cherished in some circles in the West that de-Stalinization was part of a wider process of deliberate general liberalization. De-Stalinization and liberalization were actually both tactical measures on which their Soviet originators have gambled and so far heavily lost.

In Poland, where public opinion is extremely sensitive to changes in the political climate of the Soviet Union, the debunking of Stalin is regarded as a self-inflicted blow—almost an ideological suicide—with shattering consequences yet to come. This diagnosis does not make it easier to define the real meaning of the "thaw." Puzzlement among Polish intellectuals accounts for the unusually wide range of explanations for the new look. Explanations vary from pessimistic assertions that the political thaw is a meaningless manoeuvre to a wildly optimistic hope that it is a Soviet concession under pressure from the West. The latter view is currently strengthened by another hope that some fundamental changes of a post-revolutionary Thermidor kind are brewing in the Soviet Union, and that these will lead ultimately to a new *bourgeois* republic.

However, it was not the views of the intellectuals which directly precipitated the present crisis, for although the liberalization of life in Poland affected academic freedom, press censorship, the fate of a number of political prisoners such as former members of the Home Army, travel restrictions, etc., it failed to give anything like a full measure of freedom. The régime was in control and the vast majority of officials remained at their posts or were simply reshuffled for the sake of appearances. But the most avowed Stalinists were compromised, and in the face of a surge of criticism, both within and without the Party, they could not stay in power much longer. Jakub Berman, once labelled Stalin's

number one man in Poland, and Hilary Minc, the economic dictator, duly resigned from the Polish Politburo. The once powerful "big three," who for ten years had ruled Poland, were relegated to history. The balance of power was suddenly shifted to Gomulka, the then former First Secretary of the Polish C. P., who had spent four years in prison for "nationalistic deviations," and who had never recanted or confessed his guilt. Reinstated as a party member last July, he was biding his time. With the Party leader Ochab, who at the crucial moment emerged as a moderate nationalist, and with his friend General Komar controlling the security police, he was strong enough to oppose the die-hard Stalinists. The balance of Gomulka's prestige is derived from the line he defended before his imprisonment: his "rightist deviations," his "pro-Titoist inclinations," and, not least, his anti-collectivist policies—a fact constantly stressed since the agricultural policy of the Stalinist group has proved a failure. His power, and a certain popularity outside the Polish C.P., will depend at least for a time on how successful he is in defying the Russians and in remaining the champion of the national cause.

Events in Poland are a test case for Western foreign policy, especially for its claim to a moral and rational leadership. The main difficulty seems to lie in the choice between wishful thinking and a realistic appraisal of the situation. Policy planners may well be in a dilemma as to the proper course of action: whether or not to support a Titoist régime. The

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Current Comment

Conservative Quandry

The decision of Mr. Drew to resign the leadership of his party at this time is without doubt a disappointment to most Conservatives. His explanation that uncertainty about his health and stamina would handicap the party in the coming election must be accepted as sincere and compelling. There is some consolation for Conservatives that their quixotic custom of unceremoniously deposing a leader after a single unsuccessful contest is not being revived. Despite defeatist mutterings in several quarters that the party could never "win with Drew," he had labored mightily for eight years to efface certain earlier impressions of his own making and to construct a broadened electoral base for his party. Although it was highly improbable that these efforts would have come to fruition in 1957 under Drew's aegis, the absence of his experienced hand at the helm must be counted a net loss for the Conservatives.

But the vacancy cannot be left unfilled, and from December 12-14 the Conservatives will assemble in Ottawa for their fifth national convention to designate a successor. As of this moment, it would appear that the mantle will fall upon a Member of Parliament rather than upon an outsider, as occurred in 1942 and 1948. On balance, this should be advantageous to a party which still struggles to maintain its credit rating as a national political entity. Whatever their personal merits, provincial premiers must take a giant first step in ascending to national leadership: a parliamentarian, even if less prominent, requires no "warm-up" period to acquaint himself with national issues and the distinctive atmosphere of the House of Commons before assuming his new responsibilities.

To date three Members, John Diefenbaker from Saskatchewan, E. Davie Fulton from British Columbia, and Donald Fleming from Ontario, have announced their candidacies. Whether or not this struggle will continue down to the wire is open to question. On the basis of precedent the advance informal selection process may well prove to be binding on the delegates. Seniority, a slashing eloquence in debate and appeal beyond the confines of orthodox Conservatism are assets which work for Diefenbaker. He is also mercurial and something less than a steady team player: these traits do not wholly endear him to his fellow Tories in Parliament. Nor would his potential drawing power in Quebec equal that of Fleming, an industrious, scholarly Torontonians who has acquired fluency in French and has already won some standing among *Canadiens*. Fulton has a more striking personality, a genuine flair for parliamentary tactics and the virtues as well as the drawbacks of comparative youth.

Barring unforeseen developments the new Conservative leader is most unlikely to head a Government after the coming election. By now his party should be disabused of the illusion that any one individual can restore it to power. But this does not detract from the significance of the forthcoming proceedings at Ottawa. The man who emerges from that gathering as the "new chieftain" of the Tory clan may, within limits, be able to inspire his lieutenants and followers to take on the still needed task of party renovation. Insofar as personalities offer any clues to shifts in policy, the three candidates now in the running suggest that a slight Conservative tack toward mid-stream may be in the making. W. F.

Dead-End . . . or Impasse?

The Protestant Women's Federation of Canada (PWFC) has received well-deserved publicity for their determined stand in the Battle of the Ottawa Street Signs. Alderman J. Clem Aubin had proposed that the Lower Town, which is predominantly French, be fitted out with bilingual signs. Mrs. J. M. Hitsman, president of the Ottawa branch of the PWFC, struck out boldly at Alderman Aubin and Ottawa's 60,000 French-speaking citizens, upholding majority rights

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and protesting that bilingual street signs were "illegal and a violation of the constitution." Mrs. Hitsman cut through the thorny problem of English-French relations as if it had been gingerbread at a charity tea. "Until French is legal," she said, with a directness that would have made any Ottawa politician blush, "we're against using it!"

The implications of the Bilingual Street-Sign By-law are clear. As the PWFC pointed out, this is just one more step in the campaign to force bilingualism on Canada. Mrs. Hitsman gave other examples of the insidious infiltration of French into national institutions. Bilingualism crept into the Canadian Post Office in 1927 with "Postage-Postes"; it crept into the Canadian Treasury in 1936 with "One Dollar-man gave other examples of the insidious infiltration of into Canadian breakfasts, but French on cereal boxes is just another instance of the same unconstitutional trend. The counter-campaign to Save Ottawa Street Signs takes on its full importance when seen in this historical perspective.

Yet the Protestant Women of Canada are moderate in what they ask. If, despite their protest, bilingual signs are erected, all they demand is that "English be placed first on these signs." It seems unfortunate that they should have weakened their position with this conditional clause, but our constitution is such a nebulous document that it names neither French nor English as the national language. In these circumstances the PWFC have not only to accept full responsibility for establishing what is legal or illegal, but must also make provision for a second-best solution in the almost inevitable event that they are not listened to at all.

A cynic might suggest that since no reference to Canada's official language appears in the BNA Act, the use of bilingual street signs in the capital can hardly be called a violation of the constitution. But as constitutional expert Robert MacGregor Dawson points out, one must also reckon with our "informal or unwritten constitution."* If the PWFC petition does not actually force an amendment then, it will go down as a great informal page in our unwritten constitution—unwritten in Protestant tea rooms all across the Dominion.

Mr. Dawson prefaces his comments on the constitution with a quotation from *Through the Looking-Glass*:

"Well, in *our* country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else—if you ran very fast for a long time as we've been doing."

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, *here*, you see, it takes all the running *you* can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

One other statement by the same constitutional authority seems especially apt here:

"At the next peg the Queen turned again, and said, 'Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn your toes out as you walk—and remember who you are!'"

which might be interpreted in the present context as: "English first—Vote Liberal—and Be Canadian!"

PHILIP STRATFORD.

The Lansdowne Drawings

J. F. Lansdowne of Victoria, B.C., has had great praise from both naturalists and artists for his drawings of birds shown at the Royal Ontario Museum, Oct. 9-Nov. 3. Mr. Lansdowne is 19 but his drawings are wonderfully skillful and highly finished. They are very detailed, every minute marking on every feather is carefully drawn even on fast flying ducks. No landscape nor background is shown except

a few twigs and leaves. To one who is neither scientist nor artist, but an observer of animals, some character seems to be lost in the finish and detail of these really wonderful drawings. Perhaps sometime Mr. Lansdowne will show us something a little rougher, more hurried, more like the outdoor glimpses we get of birds in action. He has been inspired by the late Allan Brooks but has learned all that artist can teach him. Some of the more rugged animal painters like Carl Rungius or Bruno Liljefors might be good for him now. Anyhow, his drawings are a great achievement. T. M.

Canadian Calendar

- The income of Canadian farmers rose to a new high of \$1,188,000,000 in the first half of 1956, an increase of \$137,762,000 from the same period in 1955.
- Orders for millions of dollars worth of fishing and fish processing equipment may be placed in Canada by the Russian Government as a result of the visit of Alexander Ishkov, Russian Minister of Fisheries.
- At Des Joachims on the Ottawa river, September 19, the first spadeful of earth was turned by Premier Frost and Federal Trade Minister Howe for the construction of Canada's first atomic power station.
- 5000 construction workers and technicians are working to complete Canada's \$170,000,000 early warning defence line along the 55th parallel, the Mid-Canada Line, by Jan. 1. Until the DEW Line, 1200 miles north is in action, MCL will be the northernmost warning system.
- The results of the B.C. election on September 20—Social Credit, 39, CCF 10, Lib. 2, Ind. Lib. 1, PC, 0; total 52.
- Mr. George Drew announced his decision to retire from the leadership of the Progressive-Conservative party on Sept. 21.
- The Federal surplus for August was \$14,300,000, the total surplus for the first five months of 1956-57 \$344,700,000, more than 3 times the \$114,000,000 surplus at same date last year.
- At the end of September crude oil production in Alberta soared past 430,000 barrels a day—more than 100,000 better than the same week last year.
- The Department of Agriculture estimates a total grain output of 591,000,000 bushels in Saskatchewan this year.
- Output of all grades of woodpulp gained in August this year over last year.
- Canadian Government, provincial, municipal and corporation public bond financing in September, totalled \$162,401,000, compared with \$117,219,992 in September, 1955.
- Results of Newfoundland's elections on Oct. 2—Liberals 32, PC's, 4.
- W. Earle Rowe (PC Dufferin-Simcoe) was elected on Oct. 1 acting leader of the Progressive Conservative Party.
- Trade Minister Howe will fly to Japan on Oct. 21 to open a two-week goodwill tour of industrial centres.
- Lower food prices are credited with bringing about a slight decline from 119.1 in July to 119 in August in the consumer price index.
- Dividend payments by Canadian firms in October 1956 are the highest of any October in history—\$49,243,053 compared with \$44,163,226 in October 1955. Total dividends for the

* R. MacGregor Dawson, *Constitutional Issues in Canada* 1900-1931

first ten months of this year was 15 per cent above the same period of 1955, \$556,441,331 compared with \$483,320,502).

- Monthly oil production in Manitoba exceeded 500,000 barrels in July for the first time. Total production since the birth of the industry in 1951 passed the 10,000,000-barrel mark. In August the number of wells reached 600 for the first time.

- In October Governor-General Massey made an 8-day tour through Northern Ontario and Northwestern Quebec.

- Prime Minister St. Laurent announced on October 9 that he is prepared to recommend to Parliament an increase in payments to Canadian universities providing the National Conference of Canadian Universities accepts the job of distributing the funds.

- Visible supplies of Canadian wheat were 343,500,000 bushels at Sept. 19, compared with 377,000,000 bushels at the same time last year.

- Construction contracts awarded in Canada during September were down 17 p.c. from the same month of 1955—to \$215,340,600 from \$258,203,500, owing to a sharp drop in the value of industrial contracts awarded and a smaller decline in awards for house building. Despite this September drop, the total of construction contracts for the first 9 months this year was at a record figure of \$2,683,874,200—an increase of 18 per cent over the same period of 1955.

- The U.S. Consulate at Winnipeg reports that the number of Canadians leaving this region for the United States has reached record totals in recent months.

- This year's census shows Montreal (Metropolitan area) with a population of 1,595,327 or 14.3 per cent above 1951, Toronto (Metropolitan) with 1,347,905 or 20 per cent above 1951. Vancouver has 658,813 (25 per cent above 1951), Winnipeg 409,687 (14 per cent above 1951), Ottawa 335,239 (21 per cent), Hamilton 325,238 (24 per cent).

- More than 22,000,000 tons of high-grade iron ore has been delivered to ore carriers at Seven Islands by the Quebec, Labrador and North Shore Railway in the last three years.

- The U.S. Consulate in Toronto reports an increase to 16,493 in 1956 from 8,902 in 1955 of immigrant visas taken out by persons leaving Canada to take up residence in U.S.

- Abbé Maheux of Laval University told the National Federation of Canadian University Students in Montreal on October 11, that visitors from Great Britain often show more respect for French culture than English-speaking Canadians. These visitors, he said, invariably speak French, in contrast to English-speaking Canadians, who seldom master the language of Quebec.

- Exports of oats, barley, rye and flaxseed in the 1955-56 crop year declined 19 per cent from the preceding year. However, volume of exports remained relatively unchanged. Exports of rye and barley were larger, but oats and barley declined.

- Alberta revenues hit a record \$241,608,105 during the 1955-56 fiscal year. The provincial government had a net surplus of \$15,939,544 for the fiscal year. The accumulated surplus exceeds \$151,000,000 in negotiable cash and investments while another \$118,000,000 is tied up in municipal loan funds.

- Building permits for new construction in Vancouver up to August 31, came to a total value of \$45,063,369; in Victoria the total for the fiscal year 1955-56 was \$6,000,000.

Imperialism and Literature

Gabriel Gersh

► HOW DO EMPIRES CRUMBLE? The decline of the British Empire over the last half-century might have provided valuable material for a study of this question. Yet it has not done so. Indeed, one remarkable aspect of the imperial decline is the lack of interest with which it has been regarded in Great Britain. The process was of course not clear-cut, but more in the nature of a genuine transformation; even while the British public was steadily told that the Old Imperialism was dead, it was presented with something new and strange, something that might be called the new Concept of Commonwealth. This concept has so far remained vague. This is not surprising since no one can as yet answer the basic question whether it will prove at all possible to integrate Britain, the White Dominions and the colored races of the Commonwealth into any genuine relation of partnership. But there is another point which is worth making. The old British imperialist outlook was something which was shared by the man-in-the-street; shared only in a dim, confused, emotional fashion, but shared nevertheless. But as far as British public consciousness of today is concerned, interest in the new Commonwealth is almost non-existent. In this sense, the passing of the old imperial tradition has simply left a vacuum.

It has been fashionable in Tory circles to blame decades of Left-wing criticism for this apathy. With such persistence, so the argument runs, have British Liberals, Radicals and Fabian and other Socialists attacked and denounced British imperialism that the British public has finally become bewildered, and Colonel Blimp himself driven to believe that he and his imperial outlook were somehow wicked, unjust and an anachronism—and all this at a time when the Nazis, Fascists, Communists and other ruthless and cynical power-seekers were trying to destroy British influence and power. This explanation of British imperial decline contains an element of truth, but no more than that. The fact is that the decay of British imperial self-confidence could be observed long before the appearance of a strong Left-wing movement. The process had already begun before 1914 when, under the impact of clumsy German imperialist rivalry and imitation, the first sense of guilt and self-conscious doubt had crept in. The process was accelerated after 1918, in the disillusioned atmosphere of the 1920's. In the social literature of that period the student can come across interesting examples of this imperial sense of guilt. Take for instance the following two quotations:

The first:

"Our hut is a fair microcosm of . . . England . . . Yet a man's enlistment in his acknowledgment of defeat by life. Amongst a hundred serving men you will not find one whole and happy. Each has a lesion, a hurt open or concealed, in his late history. Some of us here had no money and no trade and were too proud to join the ranks of labour's unskilled. Some faltered at their jobs and lost them . . . We have blacked our characters and hereby hope to dodge the shame of an uncertain past . . ."

And the second:

"He (the pawnshop-proprietor) thought for a moment, then collected some dirty-looking rags and threw them on the counter . . . He let me change in a small room behind the shop . . . My new clothes had put me instantly into a new world . . . Everyone's demeanour seemed to have changed abruptly . . . For the first time I noticed, too,

how the attitude of women varies with a man's clothes. When a badly dressed man passes them they shudder away from him with a quite frank movement of disgust . . . Dressed in a tramp's clothes, it is very difficult, at any rate for the first day, not to feel degraded . . ."

The first passage is from *The Mint*, by T. E. Lawrence. It is taken from the section where he describes his state of mind in the summer of 1922 when he was back in London from his famous wartime leadership of the Arab revolt, and when he deliberately chose self-inflicted poverty and anonymity and finally tried to disappear by enlisting under a false name in the R.A.F. The second passage is by George Orwell. It is taken from his early book *Down and Out in Paris and London*, where he tells how in 1928, on his return after five years' service as a policeman in Burma, he felt driven by a tormenting sense of guilt to seek the company of the lowest and poorest, and for some time actually became an English tramp.

There may be a certain danger in such outward parallels. Lawrence and Orwell differed above all in their social situations. Lawrence at the time of self-humiliation he describes was already a legendary military figure, with access to almost any one of eminence in London. George Orwell, six years later, was merely an unknown junior policeman back on his first leave from Burma. But apart from such differences, there is the parallel between their actions. Lawrence had been a Fellow of All Souls at Oxford, Orwell had been

a Scholar at Eton; though in some ways individually both *declassé*, they were members of the class which had produced the great imperial conquerors and pro-consuls in the past. The striking parallel lies in their similar reaction against the imperial role they had been forced to play, in the overpowering sense of guilt which drove them both to seek atonement at the bottom of the social scale.

In the case of Lawrence, a careful reading of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* suggests that with, at least, part of his mind he was always aware of the differences between the revolt he led at the head of the Arab desert warriors and the main Arab nationalism of the cities, where financiers and feudal landlords jostled for position while being simultaneously played off against each other by the representatives of the imperial powers who were scrambling for Middle Eastern oil and bases. Though Lawrence in his book refused to commit himself to any political position, the knowledge of political deception, of having played an imperial game which was no longer valid, was clearly one of the reasons which drove him into his attempt to step out of his life and seek anonymity under a new name.

Orwell describes his own reaction against imperial service in plainer terms. At the time when he served in the Burma police, the British Raj was still militarily unchallenged, and he himself was still uncertain to what extent he was a rebel. But what Orwell felt—he goes into this at length in his autobiographical passage in *The Road to Wigan Pier*—was



SELF-DENIAL

that in the 1920's British imperial rule in India and Burma had lost its sense of purpose; it had reached a stage where it could breed only hypocrisy among the rulers and "maniacal suspiciousness" (as Orwell termed it) among the ruled. It was the sense of having been part of an unwanted and despotic system which sent Orwell into the state of mind where he tried to cut loose from his past life into the slums of Paris and London.

In seeking a new identity, Orwell, like Lawrence, also changed his name—"George Orwell" is a pen-name. But there is no need to labor the parallel. One point stands out: in the years after 1914-1918 something had happened to British imperialism; it had lost its sense of mission; the blight of self-consciousness had crept in; it had become a system which men like Lawrence and Orwell felt they could no longer serve.

At the same time, another aspect of the change should be noted. If the traditional British Empire in the 1920's was already beginning to crumble, it is remarkable how little this fact impinged on the consciousness of the British public. Among the Conservatives, imperial imagination appeared exhausted. The Labor Party, it is true, and especially its Fabian and intellectual wing, produced a number of programmatic statements criticizing imperialism and promising independence to India and other colonial territories. But what can be said against this Left-wing political thought is that it looked little beyond the first step of the separation of the colonies, that it did not face the crucial problem of power politics in the modern world, and that its proposals for a new Commonwealth never succeeded in catching the public imagination.

As a result, the wider British public remained almost unaware of what was going on abroad. If, for instance, one looks at that faithful reflection of British popular myths, the sort of highly-colored thrillers and other novels which were read, one finds all the British pre-1914 imperial myths still dominant in the 1920's, apparently untouched by reality. In China during that decade—to take one example—convulsive political changes were taking place, but British public opinion seemed completely insulated from such events. What the ordinary man liked to read about China was still, for example, such thrillers as the famous series by Sax Rohmer about the Mysterious Dr. Fu-manchu, a weird, villainous Chinaman who was continually hatching diabolical plots for the overthrow of the British Empire, plots invariably foiled at the last moment by a gallant amateur detective, working with Scotland Yard.

When we turn to the works of the intelligentsia, to the English novel as a work of art and of the imagination, we find the whole issue of the stagnation and disintegration of the imperial structure almost completely disregarded. Literary interest lay elsewhere. In the 1920's the literary trend was toward cynicism, hedonism and the cult of sensitivity. Led by such novelists as Norman Douglas, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence and Osbert Sitwell, the geographic pull was towards Italy, towards the Tuscan hills, the Mediterranean shore. In the 1930's politics returned; there was the rising star of Hitler, there was anti-Fascism and Communism; the focus shifted to Central Europe and to Spain of the civil war. All these seemed vital, urgent subjects: by contrast, to the English intellectuals, the Empire appeared to have become something utterly remote—as if the fact that between the wars one quarter of the globe's population was still directly or indirectly governed from London was of no interest.

On a genuinely literary level, at any rate, the imperial connection of the British nation was only touched on in an isolated handful of books. Apart from the writings on this subject of T. E. Lawrence and George Orwell, there was, of

course, E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, the classic statement of the imperial dilemma in terms of modern liberalism; there were the early African novels of Joyce Cary, who was at one time a government official in Nigeria, and whose novel *Mister Johnson* contains a penetrating study of a young West African native clerk, torn between his African traditions and the scraps of English life and knowledge thrown at him. There are the African stories of William Plomer, a South African by birth; there are books like Evelyn Waugh's satire *Black Mischief* which could be described as dealing with imperial problems; there are a few—very few—books of reportage, and that is about the whole list. It is indeed a scanty intellectual literature on the subject of Britain's worldwide imperial relationships between the wars; moreover, in its outlook this literature was almost uniformly pessimistic, not so much directly critical of imperialism as weary of it.

With this reference to the literature of the twenties and thirties one comes back to the present situation in which, set against the staggering rise in United States and Soviet Russian power and against the return of ruthless power politics in general, the conceptions of British imperialism and anti-imperialism seem pretty well outdated. And yet, even though on a reduced scale, British standards of living and even Britain's independent existence still rest on the imperial heritage. And imperial problems still come crowding in: the problem of arranging for native self-government in West Africa, the problem of white settlers' rule in South Africa, the problem of Cyprus, the problems of capital investment, of fostering education. What is to be done about all these problems? Can the conception of the New Commonwealth, with equality for its white and colored citizens, be given any living reality? Can the British public be interested in this new possibility? Can the British intellectuals be induced to see themselves as bound up with this imperial issue? These are all vital questions, but it should be noted that as yet they remain unanswered.

London Diary

► THE BIG ARTISTIC and social event of the autumn season is the Bolshoi Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It is also something of a political event. For a whole week of anxious waiting the visit was on, off, on, while "certain circles" in Moscow—to borrow a handy euphemism—tried to exploit the Nina Ponomareva affair in a plainly political sense.

The anxiety was the Covent Garden management's; despite the calm optimism of its press statements, it stood to lose a cool £40,000 if the show did not go on. The Soviet authorities did not, needless to say, give in and permit the visit in order to satisfy the cultural longings of the British masses. They gave in because the British authorities declined to budge on the inviolability of the courts from government interference, and because the Bolshoi Company very much wanted to come here.

One side effect of the to-be-or-not-to-be build-up and the eleventh hour arrival of the Russian dancers was to give the show a degree of national publicity such as theatre managers can seldom obtain. It could not do the management much good in this case, however, because the Bolshoi performances were already pretty well sold out long before the bother started and there was even a black market in tickets to see Ulanova. The fact is quite simply that there is a large public for ballet in this country, that the Bolshoi Company is justly famous, and that any ballet-lover who could afford to see Ulanova dance would naturally want to.

But what the publicity has done has been to give a fillip to the black market, since there are a lot more socialite non-

ballet-lovers who feel they must go now, although a month ago they wouldn't have minded much either way. The wrangle has also ensured that the ordinary low-brow public will be glued to its television sets on Sunday week watching not Independent (i.e. commercial) TV but the Bolshoi on BBC. This big popular audience of mums and dads and teenage rock'n rollers would normally recoil from the spectacle of young men and middle-aged women prancing about in improbable attitudes. And I myself would not blame them. I am not a ballet fan.

As for Nina, she has at last surrendered to her bail, been judged with the utmost leniency, and departed from these shores, after remaining immured in the Soviet Embassy for a matter of six weeks. And one can only wonder how it felt to be translated to Millionaires' Row from the humdrum activities of teaching school and the occasional excitement of championship discus-throwing. It seems a pity she could not use the time to get out and about and see something of what London has to offer: the parks in their autumn glory, the cheerful plenty of the street markets, the rich variety of exhibitions open to all free, gratis and for nothing.

One novel exhibition put on for a fortnight in September during Nina's "voluntary" retirement from circulation was a display of military uniforms, past and present, giving in detailed close-up an unusual view of history. The occasion was the centenary of the removal of the Royal Engineers depot to Chatham from Woolwich, where it had formerly functioned alongside the Royal Artillery under the general title of Ordnance.

The main theme of the exhibition was therefore the uniforms of both the Artillery and Engineers corps over the 100-year period, and it was striking how glossy the busby still was of a Royal Horse Artillery officer of 1901, how dressy his ostrich-feather plume, how bright the gold braid on his coat. A gallant major of the Engineers, in full dress uniform as for Ceremonial Parade in 1880, ogled the passing female (me), while on the face of the quarter-master-sergeant instructor opposite, disapproval glowered through the mask of discipline. In the 1860's there was no prescribed pattern for "undress" uniform of Engineers officers but white breeches were usual and made me wonder—audibly—how on earth they managed to keep them white in the days when non-shrink detergents had not been invented. The answer, promptly supplied, was of course pipe-clay. And that, I suppose, is one reason why nineteenth-century ladies went to the ball in pastel coloured gowns which wouldn't show the pipe-clay dust that must have rubbed off from their partners' clothing.

This delightful show was timed to coincide with a special display at the Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo in aid of the Royal Artillery Charitable Fund. The firm of Hector Powe Ltd., themselves civil and military tailors since 1914, lent the space for the exhibition in their Regent Street premises, in the heart of London's shopping district. The gesture was not purely philanthropic, of course. After the historic uniforms, one was taken downstairs to see the present-day ones. Hector Powe's do a big trade both in Service tailoring (where the demand peaks heavily in wartime) and civil uniforms for peace-time occupations. Indeed they rather specialize in designing and making uniforms for civil airlines and it is plain to see that the Belgians and the Pakistanis and the Central African Airways Corporation all seek the same sort of restrained elegance for their pilots and stewardesses. The Trans-Canada outfit, by the way, for those who have not observed it in flight, is a very sober job with a long draped line in very good gabardine.

STELLA HARRISON.

Cancer's Cure; It Comes in a Bottle

Murray Polner

► SEVERAL YEARS AGO an event occurred that changed the life of Pennsylvania State Senator John J. Haluska. At the time his sister was told she had an incurable cancer and in desperation her family turned to an unorthodox healer, who promptly proceeded to "cure" the woman. Since then nobody has ever been sure if she had cancer to begin with but as she later told her brother, "I don't care whether it's cough syrup or pure mountain water, that's what I owe my life to." John Haluska felt the same way.

In fact, so moved was he by her recovery that he decided to devote the remainder of his life to the healer, Dr. Harry M. Hoxsey, D.N. Thereafter, Haluska, who is also a part-time columnist for a number of small town western Pennsylvania weeklies, has led a crusade for Hoxsey against the latter's critics who, Haluska maintains, have concocted a vast scheme "to suppress a proved cure for cancer in order to protect profits." The culpable include the American Medical Association, American Cancer Society, Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, Food and Drug Administration and the United States Department of Public Health. Today, Haluska sends out thousands of broadsheets publicizing the Hoxsey Treatment and his new clinic in Portage, Pennsylvania, the main centre in Dallas, Texas, and celebrates that "red letter day" when he personally introduced the Doctor to the convened State of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Harry Hoxsey was born in Illinois and managed to complete elementary school and later received a secondary school diploma from a correspondence school. He was ultimately awarded an honorary doctorate in Naturopathy. His penchant for curing is apparently inherited. Some fifty years ago his grandfather, a farmer, noticed his cancerous horse, after feeding upon some herbs in pasture, had regained health. He immediately concluded that immunization and cure resulted from this and decided that he had run across a remarkable discovery. It was then passed on to Hoxsey's father, John, a veterinarian who also treated human cancer patients. And it is this "secret" that now rests with Hoxsey.

The treatment—which costs \$460—doesn't burn, cut or cause any pain and can be administered at home and renewed by mail. The prospective patient, who doesn't require an appointment, receives a routine physical examination after arrival. If the verdict is cancer then the theory derived from the secret goes to work. Cancer, stated one of their proponents, is "caused by an accumulation of filth within the blood." Therefore, what could be more logical than flushing out the impurity? This can best be accomplished by a black or brown tonic, compounded of sugar, red clover blossoms, potassium iodide—the main ingredient but which was absent from Grandfather Hoxsey's herbs—prickly ash bark, licorice, poke root and buckthorn powder and taken four times daily. For variety there is also a pink mixture of potassium iodide in an elixir of lactated pepsin. Two years earlier the clinic heralded another "great development" which turned out to be a tablet of assorted colors with the same bark, blossoms and roots. "If they (the patients) didn't have cancer when they arrived," once observed a former medical director of a Hoxsey clinic, "they sure had it when they left."

If results aren't guaranteed the claims of success are nevertheless impressive. Stories are told of terminal cases

arriving at the clinic sans any hope yet leaving in vigorous health. But if a patient doesn't respond, as one child didn't, then the failure rests with the patient, according to another Hoxsey backer, who blamed "wrong living on the part of the patient," such as overindulgence in cokes and chocolates as responsible for the child's death. The truth is, however, that a good many who visited Dallas or Portage never had cancer. Some had it and suffered unnecessarily from the cure and still others have probably died from the time wasted there. A more fortunate young man was treated by a Hoxsey Clinic not long ago and \$460 later pronounced in tip top shape. Two weeks after, not feeling any better, he finally visited his family physician who told him that all he was suffering from was barber's itch.

It might be tempting to pass Hoxsey off as just another crackpot were it not that he is being given wide publicity in small town and rural America by supporters who are virtually all medical laymen who know next to nothing about cancer.

Recently, the Californian Reverend Dr. Merle E. Parker, Supreme Grand Counselor and National Director of the Foundation for Divine Meditation, Inc. ("45,000 members") has added to his paramount task of erecting the largest Christian Academy in the world and fulfilling revelations, all of which "has come true on schedule," by sending telegrams to every United States Senator demanding a full investigation of Haluska's "grave" allegations. Parker, who proclaims "if there is a God at all, then he is God of all!" was so shaken by these accusations—which he quickly accepted *in toto*—that his monthly *National Christian Crusader* ("reaches 9/10 of a million people") dropped everything but the regular Bible contest in one of its issues to emphasize his conviction that "after ten years of observing political corruption, of viewing the dastardly deeds which 'honest' men will do if you dangle enough gold under their noses, believe me, it takes a lot to shock me." Several issues later he complained that his life was in danger because of his pro-Hoxsey activities.

As equally shocked were the Gold Star Mothers who objected to medical practitioners not wanting God-fearing men washing out the body's toxic wastes, which would not only cure cancer but also preserve the Republic against modern society's atheism, relativism, vice, corruption, materialism, war, communism and Morris Fishbein, "boss" of the AMA. Several ladies suggested that so long as investigations were in order why not look into Fishbein and any proprietary interests he might have in the ad agencies handling tooth paste, aspirin, listerine and tooth brushes?

Not to be outdone Parker also 'phoned North Dakota's Senator William Langer, who had been in hot water with the AMA back in 1948 when he had allowed an indicted cancer quack the use of his franking privileges. This time Langer quickly blamed the Democrats for foiling past hearings and let it go at that. Lyndon Johnson was also contacted but never seemingly bothered to reply.

Still another Hoxsey admirer is the inveterate fundamentalist editor and anti-Semite, Gerald B. Winrod. His *Defender*, published in Wichita, carries advertisements for quack cures around the nation but his editorials are devoted to espousing the virtues of Hoxsey. ("Despite opposition, millions of people know tonight that cancer . . . is being cured . . .") He wondered "if any branch of our Government has been more infested with leftists" than the Food and Drug Administration, which, incidentally, described Hoxsey's cure as "worthless."

Winrod has also addressed and backed the Christian Medical Research League, formed by fundamentalist preachers who believed that one healer—indicted by the govern-

ment and now living in South America—had been inspired by a Christian God and persecuted by the "Jewish-controlled" AMA. Typical of their jargon is a tract by George Deatherage (of World War II sedition fame) "Was Senator Taft Murdered?" Issued last year it recalled that certain invidious men purposely kept Hoxsey's cure from Taft who later was assassinated "by concealed radium capsules" placed on his senatorial chair by, according to another of the group, a "Jewish Senator from New York." All of this comes under the heading of an enormous Jewish and allied plot against the health and wellbeing of America. Hoxsey, eager for business, appreciates their support.

In the interval Hoxsey has declared his intention of refusing to abide by the decision of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit at New Orleans that he discontinue sending his nostrums through inter-state mails. Parker, meanwhile, has published a new treatise, *Nature's Own Answer to Cancer*, offered to "ALL LOYAL, RED-BLOODED AMERICANS" and insisting that "when the chips are down, three top men in the medical conspiracy will die by their own hand . . . or will spend their final years in prison or voluntary exile." Moreover, in response to a Senate Subcommittee on Investigation request that he put up or shut up, Parker has hurried off to find chiropractors, naturopaths and osteopaths who have borne the same punishment that certain "religious leaders meted out to Christ."

Back in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, State Senator Haluska still commutes between Portage and the capital at Harrisburg, and still makes speeches, writes columns and serves as Administrator of the Hoxsey Clinic. And pending the outcome of the slow process of judicial examination Harry Hoxsey and his associates continue packing them in. Unfortunately, sometimes a court's decision, like legitimate knowledge and understanding of cancer, comes slowly and painfully.

The Necessity of Bedevilment

Kaspar D. Naegele

► I DO NOT KNOW, or at least I do not know precisely, what in Heaven's name persuades a man to write about education. The subject surely is a crowded one: we are surrounded, through talk and print, with endless shallow or misleadingly incomplete (as distinct from productively one-sided) observations on the ideals and shortcomings of education, its present crisis, its better or worse past, its lack of funds. We have created a delicate system of crude scapegoats which carry the blame for the felt sickness in our ends and ways of raising the young, including ourselves, to further places of learning or skill or character. Some think it is the universities—for they admit too many, or is it too few? Some play the game of downward displacement and begin by shaking their heads at the high schools or at adolescent fads, and end by pointing self-righteous fingers at families whom they suppose (no—know) to live in a house that has ceased to be a home, where television rules, if not supreme, at least all night. Others are less specific and more inclusive: for them it is the "decline of attention," the ceaseless bombardment with fragments of fact or of beauty, the silent and public association of education with mobility, the need for a degree of expertness which consumes even the gains made in prolonging the average life, or robs broad cultivation of worth; the sparsity of time, unbalanced by an increase in "leisure"

which a complex industrial society yields unwittingly for its members. If these are the sources of our present discomforts, blame gives way to diagnosis. But then there is always at least one other side. There are those who accuse the accusers, who show us that more of us can spell better than ever, that if there is little for the mind it is because the mind is little and should, for all that, dwell in a body that can swim—preferably with the stream, not against it. As for the Greeks and their standards, we would be reminded that they had slaves and that in their case the cultivation of the minds of some depended in turn on the exploitation of the hands of others.

The debate about education will certainly continue. It cannot cease in a society like ours which has committed itself, through a consensus that transcends discussion and agreement, to a pattern of relatively rapid inner transformation and hence to the necessity of continuous reappraisal of those arrangements through which we help to create the imagined appropriate members who will in turn carry such a society along. Education, even in the narrow and formal sense, is surely a fairly large part of these arrangements. As such much of it must be the subject of an unresolvable debate—and yet there must also be (and is) extensive agreement as to who shall be educated, how, by whom, for what, and when. It is perhaps a matter of temperament and occupation to which of the two sides one is more likely to listen—the agreed or the controversial side.

We can be at the university for many reasons and in several capacities. Still only a pompous fool would pretend that the line between learning and teaching is not thin, and between teaching and learning should not exist at all; and none but a zealous sentimentalist would deny that as social organizations universities have to have their gaps and inner divisions. Nevertheless we are constrained to build (or take over) a lattice work of assumptions and practices governing our educative efforts. There are ready dangers that such a structure becomes wooden or that the necessary rigours of thought become a premature rigor mortis. There are additional chances that we are governed by default. For the sake of freeing time we then abrogate responsibilities, and the reflectiveness that can go with these. They are then taken up by others (among them "the administration"—and what would we do without "it," and what can we not do with it?). In turn we lose other freedoms. Still, time and energy are scarce, and we have to want more than we can have; and so we must choose.

It is round the circle of choice that I want to chase my thoughts, leaving aside, for once, at least some of the many timid concerns for consequence and repercussion, for the disapproval of wiser colleagues or the approval of ingenuous students. The battle with our inertia must begin with a vigour which in out-doing despair may also yield extremes. Should we not just think clearly in public, at the edge of our capacities, and about matters which are not already available on paper, and let the devil take care of the rest, including the hindmost?

We have some classic discussion of these issues, islands of thought amid a weary profusion of half-truths. For now I want to confine myself to two good sources: an article and a drama. Their authors are radically different. One was born slightly over two hundred years ago. He died in 1832, having filled his life—and now our bookshelves—with lyric poetry, dramas, many reflections on nature, rich letters and instructive autobiography discerningly published as fiction. Our present categories of artist, scientist or man of affairs do not fit him. He left us *Faust*, a drama. My other mentor is a specialist, compared to Goethe; he is an atomic physicist, to be exact—but a man by no means disengaged from events. In an almost tragic way he has been deeply and publicly

involved in some of the contradictions which necessarily underlie the patterns of political life. I do not know on account of which of several capacities he, Oppenheimer, was asked recently to help conclude Columbia's Bicentennial Celebration. For that occasion he spoke about the "Prospects in the Arts and Sciences" (cf. *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, February 1955). His talk impressed me with its encouraging excellence.

That excellence lies as much in its form as in its several ideas. Only one of these, but a recurrent one, is relevant now. Oppenheimer discusses prospects by fashioning a view, not by taking up prophecy. "What," he asks, "does the world of the arts and sciences look like?" He answers first with a reflective distinction about ways of looking. For him there are two such ways: the intimate view and the vast view—the view by participation or by survey. One can "see" a town by wandering through it, or by seeing its ecology from the air. Whatever the usefulness and inadequacy of this particular duality, the theme of duality subsequently becomes his form of ordering the world of the arts and sciences:

"For the truth is that this is indeed inevitably and increasingly an open, and inevitably and increasingly, a closed world. We know too much for one man to know much, we live too variously to live as one. Our histories and traditions—the very means of interpreting life—are both bonds and barriers among us. Our knowledge separates as well as it unites; our orders disintegrate as well as bind; our art brings us together and sets us apart. The artist's loneliness, the scholar's despairing because no one will any longer trouble to learn what he can teach, the narrowness of the scientist, these are not unnatural insignia in this great time of change."

He urges us toward a balance:

"This is a world in which each of us, knowing his limitations, knowing the evils of superficiality and the terrors of fatigue, will have to cling to what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends, and his tradition and his love, lest he be dissolved in a universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing. It is at the same time a world in which none of us can find hieratic prescription or general sanction of any ignorance, any insensitivity, any indifference."

For Oppenheimer the balance is between the infinitely open and the intimate. In a measure he must be right, but let me now add to this theme something more ironic and hence more indirectly serious: a reminder of Mephistopheles in the role of a professor. There are three scenes in the first part of *Faust* which could be appropriately staged at the beginning of any academic year.

There is, to begin with, Wagner's intrusion on Faust, the man of learning. But Faust is more and less than a scholar. Only a spirited evening can yield the proper exchange of fragmentary views through which, in the end, one might approximate to a description of him which is non-dramatic and free of pedantry. Wagner is, as it were, a student assistant whose attendance to small chores brings him free room and board with his professor. He is devoted, but he is dull. He admires Faust and wants to imitate him, yet he lacks passion. He wants to catch knowledge in words and measure his studiousness through the accumulation of orderly notes. This good-natured pedant interrupts his master in a crisis of despair and near-triumph. His eagerness to engage in "learned" conversation goes unsatisfied. It is cut short by Faust's quick succession of angry and half-ironic attacks on the easy and philistine miscarriages of learning: the brewing of eclectic "Irish stews" which passes for comprehensiveness, as though the latter term meant lack of discrimination, the failure to discriminate between one's own and present perspective and the "spirit of past times"; the confusion of

acting on a lecture platform with the need to be attached to one's subject out of some inner necessity; or the further confusion of the importance of letting bare reason state its own findings, *sine ira et studio*, with the cultivation of mechanical habits of thought and speech. And yet, though Faust speaks plainly (in verse, not in abstraction), Wagner fails to see, or else how could he accompany his unwilling departure with the conclusion:

Most zealously I seek for erudition:
Much do I know—but to know all is my ambition.

Wagner continues this simple hopefulness when he accompanies Faust on a walk on Easter Sunday. Faust receives much respect from the village people who are about, for he is a doctor of medicine. Wagner thinks it must be rather wonderful to be so revered. Faust is much more aware of the inadequacies of medical knowledge and practice. He is torn (and kept alive) by "two souls": the love and lust of this world and its immediate pleasures, and the wish for some God-like spirituality which goes beyond the ebb and flow of passion and fatigue. Wagner—rightly?—finds such yearnings idle. Meanwhile Faust pays attention to a small dog who is circling them and coming closer. Faust finds him more than ordinary; Wagner considers him entirely usual. Faust concludes that Wagner is probably right: the dog lacks character and is just a creature of training.

In fact the dog is Mephisto. And Mephisto—what is he in fact? Diabolic? "No", says Goethe a year before he died, "for he is much too negative for that." We see him in one of his aspects in the third of the scenes that I mentioned. A student comes to see Faust who by then has made a pact with Mephisto. Mephisto, in Faust's robes, speaks with him instead. The student, in a sense, wants to know what (courses) he should take. The devil is pleased to advise him. As a matter of fact the student, though eager, is also afraid of what is in store for him. Mephisto reassures him and promises him that he will get used to it; he urges him to begin with logic and at the same time shows him how easy it is to analyse a thing into its component parts and never understand how it works as a whole. The student begins to be confused. The devil then continues with advice about metaphysics which has a word for everything. He adds parenthetically that the student should read his assignments well—or else how would he find out that his professor says nothing that is not also in a book. He should also take notes as though it was the Holy Ghost himself dictating them. The question of the choice of a faculty arises. Devil and student agree that law is not for them. Theology? Mephisto is doubtful. He suggests that it is hard not to go wrong in that field. At the best one should listen to one authority and believe what he says. Mephisto further suggests that it is altogether best to cling to words alone: they provide a sure gateway to the temple of certainty. The student meekly objects that words should be combined with ideas. Mephisto acknowledges this but tells him not to be too rigid in that respect, since one can always find words even where ideas are lacking and with words it is then possible to argue, build systems, create beliefs. But what about medicine? Mephisto now finds himself fully in his element. Medicine is easy. One studies the world macroscopically and microscopically and ends by letting things go as they must. There science is in vain. One can only learn within limits, but a title is important; with it a man can inspire trust, especially among women, and through trust one can cure, for most illness stems less from the body and more from the heart. And so, since the student is young and handsome, Mephisto suggests that he learn the art of feeling pulses and of palpating other parts. The student's face lights up. At last he has a field which is concrete, something on which he can put his hands. Mephisto, gravely, con-

firms his choice, for, as he says: All theory is grey, only the tree of life itself is not dead. The student is impressed, hopes for further conferences in the future and asks the Devil for his signature. Mephisto obliges and adds final advice:

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

Faust is concretely a medieval tragedy. To be representative of their present counterparts, the details of these three scenes would have to be altered; their meaning and irony, however, are directly appropriate.

All this can lead to two matters in university education: its *scope* and its *style*. Both are ultimately matters of attitude and of choice. I think Oppenheimer is right: we have two perspectives now, the vast and the intimate. But the choice is probably not between them. The choice is between comfortable inner unity, and more adequate, if disquieting, perspectives. You can have inner unity, depending on your temperament and to some extent on your field, by taking *either* the vast *or* the intimate view, but taking *only one* at a time. Such comfort is really due to the absence of perspective. If you want the latter you must choose both kinds of view—and then you lose your comfort, at least for the time being. It would follow from this that within universities we are really no longer free to choose "general education," if by that is meant a fairly even involvement in the whole range of human thought and knowledge. Rather, within broader or narrower areas we can choose between two kinds of scope: that provided by a view which has, as it were, only one dimension, which is manageable but flat, even if it appears to be most "human" by being all "intimate," or most clear and exact by being removed and disengaged; and that provided by a "perspective of incongruity" through which the structure of an ear or the story told about an ancestor become seen as patterns in their own right *and* as representative of various orders which can be explained and understood through the cumulative but endless efforts of a succession of people who between them sustain a community of self-conscious methods.

Style is more easily discussed. Faust combines Mephisto and Wagner, but is more, of course, than their arithmetic addition: he is governed by reason and passion, not by soberness or sheer cleverness. Yet it seems as though these last two qualities have come to rule in the universities. They are the marks of the accounting system, of the accumulation of credits and the parcelling out of "lecture material" into 73 parts. Why should administration rule supreme and demand of each student 20 courses and 20 grades? If research, learning and lecturing are among the creative arts, why must time-tables take precedence over our moods and incapacities? Why can we not evict those students who always ask how much this essay is worth, how long that paper should be, how many pages they are expected to read? Or those instructors who have made a routine of it all?

The trouble is that in part at least I know why. I realize that the University is a social organization, that it is not free to be inefficient or unjust, that it needs rules and cannot run on the coincidence of good moods, that it is subtly and not so subtly tied to a community on which it depends, that it must be prudent and shrewd. But surely we need more fire. Learning goes dead so easily, and its death is so contagious. Perhaps we need a redefinition of the relation between the University and the community. In any case we could surely well do with more capacity for wonder, and with considerably less matter-of-factness. It belongs, I suppose, to the functions of thought to settle into patterns which in being taken for granted can save us time and make us free to consider further questions. Besides, one must start somewhere. Yet is it not interesting and puzzling that two people can engage in conversation and come away from it with at least the possibility of seeing themselves and the world differently?

How is that possible? What happens when a child calls a piece of wood a horse, or a group of adults sit quietly on a bus, saying nothing, seeing much? What sort of a system is society, that in a way there is always a place in it for everybody? What really goes on inside the psychotic who lies in a corner with a blanket around and over him, looking to the outsider like a large cocoon? How many of the ideas we need to relate ourselves to the structure of an atom are also appropriate to comprehend a casual gathering of four strangers on a street corner looking each other over as they wait for a light to change? Where must the physicist and the sociologist part company and across what necessary gaps must they face each other as mutual strangers within the same community of discovery?

Two further thoughts. Wagner and Mephisto are each half right. Put their perspectives together and you get a further panoply of half truths. I suspect we get our education not by adding but by revising. *Facts* are grey, not genuine theories. Facts never speak for themselves: they are dumb and, like the moon, shed light that comes from elsewhere. Good theories are among the liveliest and most useful possessions we have, but to possess and create them we need to stand outside, become strangers to the familiar and yet let the daemons drive us on.

Such a journey, ironically enough, requires more forms of corporate living than we have now, better and less restricted exchanges between students and teachers, more education at the dinner table. It also requires the acceptance of intellectual loneliness, of allowing for the recurrent fact that 30 million Frenchmen can be wrong, but of seeing as well that they have a right to be wrong. If the patterns we discover in nature or in man are often paradoxical, how can we do justice to them—be it in the act of comprehension or in the attempt to convey our shifting understanding—unless we ourselves (and the organizations through and in which we learn and teach) are similarly bedevilled, similarly full of an incongruity that never adds up, but always makes sense.

Correspondence

The Editor:

I am surprised to see *Canadian Forum* writers quoting seriously and approvingly Frank Underhill's joke about old men. Curator Underhill is still the teacher—trying to shock his hearers into thinking for themselves. For all his 60 years, in October, 1864, Joseph Howe saw more clearly into the future than the Confederation enthusiasts in their forties. The financial, economic and social problems of Nova Scotia today are ample proof of that.

Andrew Hebb, Toronto, Ont.

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Philanthropoids in Trouble

Henry Christman

► ONE WOULD HARDLY expect the American Constitution and its Bill of Rights to be controversial in the United States. And it seems incredible that any U.S. Congressman would even question the principles of the Constitution, much less abuse them. Yet this is the picture presented by the American Civil Liberties Union, a respected nonpartisan organization dedicated to the preservation of individual liberties for all Americans.

Ironically, this situation has crystallized as a result of civil liberties work by an educational foundation which takes as its charter the American Constitution and Bill of Rights; work attacked by, of all people, the Chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities.

The foundation is the Fund for the Republic, endowed by the Ford Foundation and incorporated in 1952 as an independent organization. It is controlled by a Board of Directors headed by Paul G. Hoffman as Chairman. Industrialist Hoffman is former Chairman of the Board of the Studebaker-Packard Corporation; from 1948 to 1950 he directed the Economic Co-operation Administration and its distribution of Marshall Plan aid to Western Europe, and presently he is United States delegate to the United Nations. A lifelong Republican, Hoffman is a close personal friend and adviser of President Eisenhower. The Fund's 18-member Board of Directors also includes Chester Bowles, former Democratic Governor of Connecticut and Ambassador to India; Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School; Roger D. Lapham, former Mayor of San Francisco; and other nationally-known educators, attorneys, and business leaders. The administrator of the Fund is its President, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, former Chancellor of the University of Chicago.

The activities of this group have been challenged by the present Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Representative Francis Walter, Democrat of Pennsylvania. Because Walter has been in Congress for some twenty-three years, his seniority gives him that post when the Democrats hold a majority in the House of Representatives and thereby automatically receive all committee chairmanships. Walter has been so active in harassing the Fund for the Republic that the American Civil Liberties Union and others charge he has misused his power even to the extent of violating Constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, press, and religion.

Just what is the Fund supposed to be doing that so disturbs Congressman Walter? When it was set up by the Ford Foundation, the Fund for the Republic was endowed with fifteen million dollars to work in the whole field of civil liberties. The Fund's Board of Directors defined the most pressing civil liberties needs to be a comprehensive study of the internal Communist menace in the United States; to work for equality of all Americans before the law and equality of opportunity; and to work toward making the Bill of Rights a living document, to maintain due process of law and the principles that underlie it, and to maintain freedom of speech and belief.

In line with these objectives, the Fund has appropriated more than \$425,000 to investigate the scope of Communist influence in the U.S. In addition, grants have been made to various prominent American organizations for special civil liberties projects. The chief single organizational beneficiary has been the American Friends Service Committee; the Quaker agency has received a total of \$331,500. Other



FARM BUILDINGS, WINTER—HAROLD FRANCES

In Foreign Night

But there is something else, there is the night:
The sky has left the earth to a dark huddle
And takes the attention to itself with worlds,
With worlds, with worlds, with worlds.

The windows thrown gigantic over the grass
In streaming lights and frames, the instant match,
The lidded street lamps holding downward lights
Over the pavement—pavement the place to watch—
The fast car peeling itself a path, all shine
A surface on the darkness; with the game
Of football in the flooded field combine
To try the reality of night—all shine.

All shine. The stars that stay away just touch
The huddle of the dark, in brilliance ride
On their own courses, yet the earth is lost,
Is foreign; plucks the sense, is occupied.
We are its foreigners, we the defenders
Of day, down close among the shrubs and stones,
Held down by dark, where starlight glances off us
Yet has the power to dissolve, dissolve—dissolve the
mind—

We are last defenders—invasion by light rays—still the
eons come—

The faintest is the fiercest, so far outside
Our understanding as we strike with time.

The act turned hard dissolves; dissolved the tension
Directed upon ourselves—for every night
Must wipe the nation out. And we are prostrate
Until tomorrow joins what days we have.

Dorothy Roberts.

For Judy

A day begins where you least suspect it.
Not with waking, for we're never sure of that.
Perhaps with roses or the seasons
Or the back door slamming or a letter we forgot to mail.
A day begins on fingertips that touch a heart.
A day begins turning slowly into a swift instant
The way hummingbirds are frightened by the wind,
Or lovers by their reflections in the moon.
A day begins in the cleft rock where the rain
Is not yet dry and the echo of the sea holds its own darkness
In that bleak truth of stone no man can know.
A day begins where you least suspect it.
But not with waking, for we're never sure of that.

Alex Austin.

No Touching

Hands tell much more
Hands talk much more
and words are nothing
Hands know much more
than words
In caresses and war
in painting in sculpture
Hands are speaking,
and the fist is the hand of anger
and the finger of God is the hand of man
flat upon all things
and fashioning the world in the image of man

Gilles Hénault (Translated from the French
by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

A Contented Settler

"*Namque sub Oebaliae memini me turribus arcis . . .*"

For I remember that under Tarentum's turrets,
where the yellow wheatfields are watered by black Galaesus,
I met an old Greek of Asia, who had been given
some acres of waste land, too poor for ox-plowing,
the soil not right for cattle, no good for vines.
Yet, as he set out his vegetables in the brambles
(and all around white lilies, verberna bushes
and thin poppies) in mind he matched a king.

At night, back home, he loaded his table with victuals—
not bought. He was first to pick his roses in spring,
and apples in autumn. When the dreary winter
still split the rocks with frost, and the stream's flow
was braked with ice, he already was plucking the stem
of the tender hyacinth, and grumbling at the summer
for being late and the West winds for delay.

And so he was always the first to have raised a great stock
of teeming bees, and pressed out the comb's foaming honey.
He had lime-trees too, and a wealth of pines. However many
blossoms bloomed in the early spring in his orchard,
in fall he had just as many ripened fruits.
He planted rows of late-growing elms and hard pear-trees
and sloe-bushes already bearing plums, and plane-trees
bestowing shade at once for revellers there.

Indeed, it is shortage of space which makes me leave
These things to be remembered by others after me . . .

Virgil's *Georgics*—Book IV,
translated by John Hatfield.

The Happy Few

Get the 30 cent seats, he said
that's where everybody who knows any music
sits. God,
what is it
about the Kingdom of Heaven
that only the poor
can get in?

Louis Dudek.

Denudation

To take the present in hand,
Submit thereto,

And let the silent spider
Spin his net
Across the door of our infant past.

To discard
Remnants of ourselves
Day by day, gladly,
Like worn clothing,

And offer one's heart
For food
While it may last.

And in the end
To have nothing more
To give.

Then to sleep
In the hollow of the black tree.

(Trans. from the French of Rolande Major-Charbonneau
in the Canadian magazine *Cité Libre*, Nov. 1955.—L.D.)

recipients include the National Council of Churches and the National YMCA and YWCA; religious organizations; Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish; AMVETS (American Veterans of World War II); Columbia, Cornell, and Stanford Universities, the Universities of California, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and other universities and colleges; and the American Bar Association and other bar associations.

In the face of such work, Congressman Walter has said that it is questionable to him whether the Fund for the Republic is "a friend or foe in our nation's death struggle against the Communist conspiracy." But rather than call any of the Fund's Directors before his Committee and thus give them an opportunity to defend themselves, Walter has chosen to hold hearings on two phases of the Fund's activities.

The first of these incidents concerns a prominent American journalist, John Cogley, formerly executive editor of *The Commonwealth*, a respected and influential journal edited by Roman Catholic laymen. Cogley left his editorial post to direct a Fund-financed research project which investigated blacklisting in the entertainment world; the study was to learn whether this practice violated the civil liberties of artists and performers. This June, his study completed and published in book form, Cogley suddenly was summoned to appear before the Un-American Activities Committee. He testified without legal counsel in a public hearing. When Cogley asked Walter the reason for the subpoena, Walter replied:

"... We called you for the purpose of ascertaining what your sources were in order to determine whether or not your conclusions were the conclusions that we would have reached had we embarked on this sort of project."

Having thus challenged the right of Cogley to speak, write, and publish, Walter moved on to investigate the Religious Society of Friends. This centered upon the employment of Mrs. Knowles as librarian for the Plymouth Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends, a Quaker Meeting founded in 1700 in what is today a Philadelphia suburb. Prior to her employment by the Quaker library, Mrs. Knowles had invoked the Fifth Amendment in testifying before a Congressional committee; nevertheless, after investigating her background and associations, the library committee was satisfied as to her integrity and she was engaged by the Quaker Meeting. Subsequently, pressure was brought to bear upon the Quakers by outside organizations in the community. Dissensions finally spread into the Meeting itself, but the Quakers held firm and refused to discharge Mrs. Knowles. Their actions earned the Meeting a \$5,000 Fund award for "courageous defense of democratic principles." And the 276th Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, representing 93 local Meetings, unanimously endorsed the stand of the Plymouth Monthly Meeting and its retention of Mrs. Knowles.

Nevertheless, Congressman Walter held a public hearing in Philadelphia last July and solicited evidence purporting to show that the Plymouth Monthly Meeting and its library committee did not follow either good order or proper Friends procedure in engaging Mrs. Knowles, and that opposition to her employment had developed concerning the employment of Mrs. Knowles in both the Meeting and in the community. Prominent Quakers replied that none of these things are the proper concern of the U.S. Congress, and branded the Walter inquiry as "a serious transgression upon the complete division of church and state."

Many Congressmen of both political parties, reputedly including members of his own Committee, strongly disagree with Walter's actions. But his ability to misuse his power remains unchecked. His main objective against the Fund seemingly is to strive to destroy its legal status as an edu-

cational foundation eligible for tax exemption. This goal is seconded by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, who has made bitter public attacks upon the Fund and its activities.

But the Fund is persevering in its work; Hoffman and the other directors feel that the controversy is dramatic proof of the compelling need for an organization such as the Fund, dedicated to defending American civil liberties. One of the most far-reaching Fund accomplishments has been the compiling and publication of a monumental bibliography and digest of everything ever written about the Communist problem in the United States; another was the impact of the independent investigation and evaluation of the federal loyalty-security program conducted by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, financed by a Fund grant. If the Fund for the Republic is to be given credit for nothing else by its critics, at least it must be admitted that Fund activities have focused the attention of Americans on their civil liberties as little else could.

Radio and Television

► WHEN WE GO to see the Old Vic do Richard II, and have paid four or six dollars for a seat, and have read the local newspaper critic's eulogies of last night's performance, we expect it to be good because it's the Old Vic, and it's Shakespeare, and it's expensive. If, in reality, it turns out to be choppy, under-interpreted, over-dressed, and unexciting theatre, we can still go home, read the text, and feel some kind of cultural uplift and literary confirmation. By the same biased logic, when we turn on the television set, and see Wayne and Shuster, who are pure Toronto, contemporary, popular, and for free, then we feel perfectly at liberty to kick the good old Canadian cat.

I admit that I approach Wayne and Shuster with a strong reluctance to kick the cat. As far as I know, they and Rawhide are the only native humorists on Canadian television and radio. Formerly we used to see Sid Caesar in such roles as the mad ballet-master, Somerset Winterset, the three haircuts, and the bucolic Irish peasant—but all this has lately been replaced by Saturday night hockey.

What this failure in humor means culturally can be inferred in a general way from Ortega y Gasset's statement about language, "which fails us in our common needs of expression, (but which) reveals and even trumpets forth against our will the inmost condition of the society by which it is spoken." If this is true of language, then it is just as true of humor as an index of national development, and our humorists therefore deserve serious critical attention.

I won't pretend that I can give an adequate definition of humor, but perhaps we can understand its qualities best in relation to those of wit, which are always partial, and never seek to involve the whole person the way humor does. As one ancient Greek writer has it, wit always suggests a dog which bites while it wags its tail. Wit is two-edged, clever and intellectual. It is the talent which makes puns, and which depends almost entirely on language for its often bitter play.

Humor is simply funny; wise instead of clever, in an era which hammers and fragments the individual, humor is one of the few activities which is all-involving. It goes far deeper in us than language, reaching into the actual experience which precedes it.

As a comedy team Wayne and Shuster have always been crudely skillful, and Wayne has shown that he possesses a genuine gift. The demands made on its performers by modern entertainment have a way of first encouraging and then corrupting talent, and Wayne and Shuster's opening show

(Saturday, 10.30, October 13) bears witness to this fact. Their new handsomeness and personal elegance does not suit them, while the glossiness of their show with its elaborate but inane sets, along with the expert and meaningless dances of Don Gillies, are the wrong frame for their talents.

Wayne used to have the face and figure of a rough-hewn, crazy, plebeian comic whose humor depended on the incongruousness of situations, and whose speech abounded with low, zestful references to "gurrlls" and an unabated enthusiasm for striking at the phoniness of intellectuals. Riding roughshod over our reverence for traditional Shakespeare, Wayne and Shuster last year gave their own television interpretation of *Julius Caesar*. In the guise of his mad racoon-coated Russian character, Wayne has no Canadian equal; and on occasion in the past his script managed to deal out a few glancing political blows, though admittedly on a primitive level.

The same team wrote and produced *Mother Goose*, a pantomime which can be viewed through more than one dimension. Last winter they extended their fairy tale repertoire with a performance of *Hansel and Gretel* with such joyful effect as to convince us that the fairy story offers the aptest vehicle for their comic expression.

Unfortunately it is not the job of a critic to tell humorists what to be humorous about. Of social foibles there are plenty, and if the audience's devotion to programs like *Foreign Intrigue* and *The Sixty Four Dollar Question* are, to my mind, not the most important of these, I nevertheless enjoyed the part where Wayne as secret service agent hauls out a pistol and replies to Shuster's query as to what's going to happen to anyone who tangles with him: "He'll get a face full of water, that's what."

The humor of this depends on its incongruity, which first shatters our image of the dangerous spy into laughter, and then relates this broken image to our own affectionate experience of war play among small boys. It was this kind of incongruity also which accounted for one of the funniest moments on the Ernie Kovacs show this summer, when Ernie, dressed as Superman, was seen propelling himself through space by means of a slow and matronly breast-stroke.

But great humorists from John Gay to Charlie Chaplin have always relied on something more than the incongruity and tension of the moment. This something has usually revealed itself as a criticism of the accepted values of the times. Why are Wayne and Shuster, along with others, including Rawhide lately, so intent on avoiding comment on the serious issues which complicate life between men and women, and which torment the individual in his relation to society? One might think that we are indeed, and at last, safely lodged in the best of all possible worlds, where, cushioned by a self-imposed restraint and a tasteful gentility, we have no further need to be stuck by the thorns of humor.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON.

Film Review

► "THERE AREN'T any great films being made now" is a current remark, implying that the golden age of motion pictures lies in the past. As a matter of fact there has been a steady trickle of deathless masterpieces over the last fifty years. The public assumes that a masterpiece must be universally appealing, a perfect work determined by some standard of superhuman faultlessness which it cannot imagine. Of course this not the case. One era's tragedy can be another era's joke, *mores* and manners change, fashions and acting styles wane. What survives to move another generation is truth, and a great motion picture is one which

embodies a cohesive attempt at philosophical honesty. No compromise. There may be superficial flaws which are irritating, but they do not destroy the basic integrity of the whole. The *Venus de Milo* lacks arms but is still completely beautiful.

John Huston's *Moby Dick* is undoubtedly the masterpiece of his career. It has great strengths and some weaknesses, all of which are peculiarly Huston's. His directing style is stamped all over it: his painter-eye and his determination not to compromise with his subject, a quality which must have aged scores of his financiers. The film is a series of acutely visual tableaux whose very texture shades perceptibly. It is a kaleidoscope of sepia etchings, shimmering oils, and impressionistic water colors blended without conscious artiness. One minute his camera suggests the veracity of Winslow and the next the awe-inspiring light and dizziness of Turner. From a multitude of illustrations perhaps the most memorable is the moment of stillness before *Moby Dick* breaches—sea swelling rhythmically, gulls cawing and whirling, tambourine surrealistically twittering, light fuzzy as though strained through sun-parched eyeballs, an uncanny rustling calm highlighted by portentous touches of white—white flesh, white birds, Starbuck's white clothes, Ahab's white scar.

These pictorial triumphs are abetted by the pungent language of Ray Bradbury's script. His writing, trained in the service of intellectual science fiction, has a keen metaphorical edge which leaves an after-image in the mind. The main changes in the script have not altered the spirit and sweeping concept of Melville's novel. Dramatically it is tighter although violent incidents have been added, such as Ishmael's knife fight. Bradbury, and Huston who shares scripting honors, have maintained the liquid musical design of the novel. The film is built up like a symphony culminating in a crashing grandiose last movement—the fight with *Moby Dick*. But their own symbolism has run away with them in assigning the rendezvous with *Moby Dick* to Bikini Atoll. The resemblance to earnest-message science fiction is obvious. The international crew ("we are all in it together") helpless under the sway of a blaspheming maniac (the mad scientist) is caught in a rushing course of events that leads to the cataclysmic annihilation of the ship (the world) which sinks into the seas of eternity. But one man survives who has a touch of the innocence of Adam, Ishmael, "another orphan." ("Out of the smouldering ruins of the space ship slowly emerged an earthman. All about him was a calm stillness which weighed in upon his body. He is alone . . .")

The major flaw is the acting of the two principals, Gregory Peck as Ahab and Leo Genn as Starbuck. Peck is by no means a disaster to the film. He was a brave choice on Huston's part and he almost comes off but his range is simply not wide enough. Huston persists in the delusion

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NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

that he can make actors rise to any level he Ahab . . . er, Huston, wishes. The truth is he can do wonders with minor actors and incite them to small performances which are first-rate, but he cannot do the same for a miscast leading actor. To say the least, Ahab is a casting problem. Who among current actors could play him? Richard Burton? Perhaps . . . Peck gets off to a good start in his first scene. He strides around the deck with controlled mania, but in repose in his first encounter with Starbuck, his voice and manner is flat and uninspired. Suddenly it is just Greg Peck in costume. "I'd strike the sun if it insulted me" seems perfectly reasonable and the soliloquy "Why this chase?" is poor elocution delivered with weary emphasis. These are lows in the tone of an adequate performance whose earnestness must be commended, and in appearance Peck conveys a haunted individualism. But if some of Ahab's speeches sound like the tired interludes of a passionate nature, Starbuck's sound like the last listless ejaculations of someone buried alive. The enunciation of Leo Genn (described by Charles Hamblett as "Hollywood's starchiest professional Englishman")¹ may be faultless, but conviction has he none. "Let Ahab beware Ahab" and other admonitions sound like aphorisms delivered by an announcer on a Sunday religious programme. For the rest he stands with drooping shoulders and a quietly startled expression at Ahab's right or left. This of course may all be calculated—Ahab's alter ego, shadow or what have you.

The rest of the cast is excellent though a minor feeling of calculated theatricality creeps into Orson Welle's sermon. More of Richard Basehart would have been welcome. The faces which the camera studies provide stories in themselves. The weather-beaten women would bring joy to the heart of Flaherty, and the men, familiar as they are from previous Huston movies, still remind us of the tenacity of mankind.

Huston's personality is so overwhelming that writers associated with him feel an urgent need to rush to the typewriter and record their love-hate relationship for posterity. The result is a good depiction of his character, which has an affinity for *Moby Dick*. Apparently he is a mixture of Ishmael and Ahab, the curious wanderer and the monomaniac, with a good dose of egomania as well. The elements of Melville's novel fit the John Huston world—an all-male world of troubled high adventure. There is an analogy between Ahab's position as captain and Huston's as director. Each demands absolute devotion and a readiness to sacrifice all including physical comfort from their crews, each commands an unreasoning respect and admiration from the same crews. Ahab is an isolated hero figure but he does not go to his doom alone, Huston has a select entourage of new and old friends circulating about him. He suffers from the North American dilemma of proving himself popular and a "regular guy" while manipulating people to further his own ends. "The herd hero (Huston) doesn't give a damn really, but he pretends to . . ."²

However one wonders why it is that even the most formidable of men cannot achieve *more* in a two hour movie with four or five million dollars to spend. *Moby Dick* is an epic masterpiece but not the ultimate it might have been. While Huston has wrought mightily and brought forth convincing mechanical whales and sailing vessels, *Moby Dick* needs the superhuman touch. The omissions are disappointing, Melville's richness of detail and incident has been largely eliminated. Huston lacks Von Stroheim's flare for building up a great theme from a thousand subtleties. He brings on stage many supporting players, they last one scene and then fade into the background. Incidents are outlined but un-

developed. Minor themes fail to lend fibre to the work. In this film there is a slight monotony of conception about each sequence which creates subtle overtones of a static flatness. Huston should study the rereleased *Citizen Kane* and reflect on the technical ingenuity which Orson Welles used to compress a great theme into two hours. Huston avoids the use of the simple montage yet it has no equal to convey a multitude of ideas, swift excitement and the passage of time. Such compression is necessary to show Ahab scouring the seas of the world in search of Moby Dick and to depict the details of whaling. This generation's directors seem deathly afraid of being labelled "arty"; perhaps this is linked to the impossibility of being a regular fellow and inventive too. A little surrealism and abstraction would be helpful to convey the awesome mystique of the whale for instance. But we are told that "If God wanted to be a fish he'd be a whale," and we must rest happy with that.

The other masterpiece which appeared this summer is *La Strada*. A comprehensive and stimulating analysis of its content and style is that of Edouard de Laurot (*La Strada—The Road to Saintly Folly*) in Vol. 2, No. 1(7), 1956 of *Film Culture*.
JOAN FOX.

Turning New Leaves

► THE IDEA of an élite, commanding decisive influence and power in society and the state, has been current in modern social and political writing since at least Pareto gave it prominence. The anti-democratic creeds of Fascism and National Socialism expressed it in one form. Lenin and the Communists presented it in another. It has been favored generally by those doubtful of, if not positively hostile to, the reality and possibility of liberal democracy.

In the present book* it is the guiding idea of an American sociologist, with a brilliant if somewhat undisciplined mind. What Professor Wright Mills attempts in his fluent, confident, and polemic chapters, is clear enough. He is not arguing for elites because he disbelieves in the real values of democracy. Rather he sees them inexorably emerging as a consequence of the economic, political, and technical forces in contemporary society. In the United States, he thinks, the mass of men and women feel powerless to affect or control the course of events in the society wherein they spend their lives. American democracy, if not a complete illusion, is almost so. The images of classical democracy, he tells us, are "a set of images out of a fairy tale; they are not adequate even as an approximate model of how the American system of power works." The crucial issues are now neither raised nor decided by the public at large. Here he argues his point on the lines of E. H. Carr in *The New Society*, but with a marshalled array of facts on what he views as the power structure of the United States and the emergence there of something resembling a mass society. In such a society liberal debate becomes difficult or impossible, and the great political decisions do not in the least result from it. But in his analysis on this matter there is some confusion. In one place he remarks that the "extreme type" of mass society is one to which the United States is only tending; it has not yet fully arrived. On most pages, however, we get the impression that it is already here in flesh and blood. In brief the author's models and his facts are not sharply enough distinguished. Yet we are left in no doubt about his views. For all his stout vigor, Wright Mills has a very faint heart as he surveys the American social scene. For him democracy seems to be doomed.

There is not one simple elite and hierarchy in American

* THE POWER ELITE: C. Wright Mills; Oxford; pp. 423; \$6.00.

¹, ²—Perceptive notions from an otherwise silly book, *The Crazy Kill*, by Charles Hamblett, a writer on location with Huston in Ireland during the filming of *Moby Dick*.

society but a complicated series. More than two-thirds of the book is concerned with describing these separate yet interconnected and often overlapping groups of people who have position, influence, prestige, and authority. The apex of the pyramid is the power elite, comprising those who dominate the great business corporations, the army (with air force and navy), and the state; in brief, the top business executives, the top chiefs in the Pentagon, and the top politicians who foregather in the White House. The latter do not, as do ministers under the British cabinet system, owe their positions in part to election, but solely to the presidential choice. They usually acquire power without responsibly climbing the political ladder, and at present they are drawn mainly from the executives of the big business corporations. All these individuals have access to the media of mass communication and utilize to the full the arts of public manipulation. The loose pluralism of groups which existed and roughly balanced one another in the nineteenth century no longer exists. Instead there is now a fairly tightly organized coalition of groups which has a centralized power of decision and exerts an ascendancy in the affairs of the nation. The author writes that it is "comprised of men whose positions enable them to transcend the ordinary environments of ordinary men and women; they are in the positions to make decisions having major consequences." They possess greater power than that of any group in history.

Such briefly is the argument. What is to be thought of it? A comprehensive and wide-ranging interpretation of this kind is peculiarly shaped by an author's cast of mind and his beliefs that lie beyond proof. Wright Mills has a mind that leans to extravagant judgments and a vision that takes in black and white but little else. He has a sense of history and time perspective, but the present study is unduly dominated by certain conditions of post-war America, some of which may be transitory. His book follows a pattern excessively streamlined; facts are fitted too neatly into rigid categories to support the conclusions, and contrary interpretations, such as those of David Riesman and John Galbraith, are too summarily examined and too promptly discarded. His pronouncements are uncompromising, sweeping, and condone nothing. "Political decisions occur," he asserts, "without benefit of political discussion or political ideas, and the higher circles of America have come to be the embodiment of the American system of organized irresponsibility." It is difficult to swallow such a statement without pause, and there are countless others like it. There is no satisfying attempt in this otherwise elaborate analysis to examine whether the top elite exercise power in their own interest (granted that they can agree on such a thing), or in the interest of a complex American public, as they interpret it. Yet surely this question cuts to the heart of the matter. Not one outside a political kindergarten would today assert that the important political decisions can be made by any but a few. The real question concerns the genuineness of the accountability of the few to the many and the methods of achieving it. The attempt of this book to demonstrate that no such accountability actually exists in the United States, or is even sought by the holders of power, is unconvincing.

Yet, despite its defects and for all its exaggeration, *The Power Elite* has some value. It is not sober and reliable sociology, but astringent criticism of certain unmistakable tendencies in American life. Unfortunately it may be read by some as an entirely adequate portrayal of all the significant features in that life, and this it is not. Anti-American Europeans are here likely to have their worst prejudices reinforced, for it contains little about the modifying influences on the tendencies described so fully and emphasized so much. The reader himself must bring to it an antidote. Nevertheless

for Americans (and also for Canadians) the book forcibly illustrates some of the formidable and ominous forces in our civilization.

ALEXANDER BRADY.

Books Reviewed

THE POETRY OF E. J. PRATT: A NEW INTERPRETATION: John Sutherland; The Ryerson Press; pp. 109; \$3.75.

The death of John Sutherland only a few days after receiving the first copy of this book from the press makes the frank discussion of it difficult, even though in the end the book deserves the highest praise as a moving, humane, and permanently valuable piece of writing. I will say later that John Sutherland is the only real critic of our literature we have had so far; but first I must try to write a criticism of this book as it would be done if he were still alive, without making his death an excuse for artificial eulogies.

The Preface to the book is absurd and preposterous. The thread of the book unwinds from this Preface, so that many things in the book itself are equally ridiculous. Sometimes the author contradicts the position of the Preface, so that too fails in its point. In the Preface he lists nine adjectives that have been commonly applied to E. J. Pratt and calls these "stale nauseous clichés"; but I find on page four of the text a single sentence in which the author himself uses four of these adjectives to describe Pratt. The thesis of the Preface is that *even if Pratt did not intend* the meanings Sutherland finds in the poems, they are there. Also, that *even if Pratt is not an orthodox Christian*, Sutherland's Christian reading of the poems stands as a revelation of what is there.

Now, the procedure of Sutherland is to construct, out of the "vast residue of thought and feeling" in a poem, the complete picture of a Christian drama. Pratt thus emerges as a mystic visionary, a tortured prophet of doom and resurrection, a gospel-preacher of compassion.

At times the book reads like one of those labors proving that Shakespeare is Bacon; Sutherland's code of verbal analogies between Pratt's poems and the symbols of Christianity is worked (often against Pratt's obvious explicit sense) to discover the *secret* or unconscious meaning in the poetry. At other times we feel that the writer is almost trying to bring Pratt around to the true religion, by showing the poet the necessary implications of his own careless imaginings. Sutherland is, in fact, objectively wrong in his interpretation of the long poems of E. J. Pratt; but the essays bring the reader back to the poems and make good exercises to drag the poems for their possible ideas.

The "residue" from which the author logically reconstructs the Christian message is, after all, placer gold—pay dirt, or gold dust—it runs through western literature from Enigma Shakespeare to Antichrist Nietzsche. For obvious reasons, almost any writing in western culture that expresses idealism, aspiration, moral struggle, will be marked by Christian allusions; for two thousand years the expression of these things has been exclusively Christian, and the very language for such conceptions is therefore colored by that religion. Moreover, if the full implications of such allusions are worked out in a dramatic writer or narrative poet (any one you please), the critic will of course discover nothing less than the complete theology from which they derive. But this is a semantic snare.

John Sutherland, like the Freudian who can see the most satisfying symbols in everything, could see a religious meaning behind all of Pratt's poetry. *The Titanic* is an allegory of death and resurrection; the great whale in *The Cachalot* is

none other than the Christ; the dinosaur *Tyrannosaurus Rex* in *The Great Feud* likewise is Christ; even the ancient Volcano of Jurania is an object of compassion. But it is easy for the reader to add the necessary correctives to this nonetheless probing and profound, if Christianly-overbalanced, interpretation of Pratt. One is at least made to *think* about a Canadian poet as no book of criticism has ever done before. And Sutherland's huge enthusiasm for the poetry is certainly contagious.

It should be made clear, however, before the authority of this book gains any weight (as in Canada such things happen) that Pratt is far more tough-minded, on the philosophical issue that Sutherland takes up, than Sutherland ever knew. The error here is in the critic's making an exposition of his own beliefs while his subject stands by like a wooden figure to suggest topics. Pratt is not Sutherland. In "The Mystic," Pratt interrogates the believer with the harshest possible questions of fact: flinging the real conditions of nature as science reveals them into the face of the mystic's incredible belief. In "The Truant" he presents a universe of blind mechanism in which the emergence of the human mind is the one peal of *protest* and *refusal to submit* to blind chance and matter. Why the human spirit exists at all, the world being what it is, is Pratt's most terrifying question.

"... what vain credulities
Should lure those human souls before
This vast inexorable door."

Concerned with questions of belief, but obdurate within the truth, Pratt and Hardy are at the same position as thinkers; and Sutherland might say with Eliot that their philosophy is truncated, insufficient, whatever, but not that it is pious or retains an implicit plenum of piety. The granite of reality here is as significant as the dusty residue of lost or inexplicable belief.

But the value and importance of a critic does not depend at all on the justness or rightness of his views. Johnson was a fathead in many of his pronouncements; Irving Babbitt a deep-dyed reactionary working out his prejudice; T. S. Eliot entirely wrong about Milton, Blake, Hardy, Lawrence. What matters is their internal integrity and the richness they generate out of that integrity: that is, if criticism is a branch of literature, an art, however parasitic, like the ivy, with a life of its own. In John Sutherland's work there is self-honesty, great seriousness, and nobility of thought—something that we have never had before in Canadian criticism. I hazard the guess that this is the first work of criticism in Canada that can stand up as an "autotelic" work in that art. Cappon's book on Roberts is a possible predecessor, but that was simply fine scholarship: this is conviction that creates a style.

Certainly no one has done more for good critical writing in Canada than Sutherland in the last fourteen years by his persistent and dogged publication of *Northern Review*. Out of the dust and smoke of controversy at the first he moved to the faith and serene good-humor of his later articles—the best of them in the closing number, written on his death bed—leaving us a myth of his stubborn self and his tragic career. Most strange of all, in this land, he was a Man of Letters, living by and for good literature, in a time when literature no longer has exchange value.

Louis Dudek.

FIRST FLOWERING: A Selection of Prose and Poetry by the Youth of Canada: Anthony Frisch, Ed.; Kingswood House, 1068 Broadview Ave., Toronto; pp. 210; \$3.00 (Educational \$1.95).

The editor of this book, Anthony Frisch, writes in the Preface: "I think this book is a miracle." A miracle commonly suggests a sudden cure for an infirmity; this one,

instead of curing, lays the thing naked and bare. The infirmity is the imagination of the young, and the teaching of literature, in middle-class twentieth-century Canada.

"The first national anthology of High School Prose and Poetry ever attempted" needs must fall to the lot of our poor country! Were this a land rich to the primitive roots in song and story-telling—a kind of Homeric Greece or Medieval Wales—then perhaps precious fragments might come even from the mouths of its babes. But it is a country withered at the top; journalistic, business-minded, trivial at the adult level; barren in the home; sentimentalized in the school. The literary efforts of its youth could not be anything but a reflection of this unconcealed poverty.

Mr. Frisch, who is clearly an excellent teacher, and an industrious worker for a good cause, would probably be willing to acknowledge this limitation in his material. It is significant that the best of all this work comes from the Indian culture of Alberta: two naive pieces of prose that contain something of real imagination, owing to their subject matter; and other good pieces come from French Canada, notably "On Ne Joue Plus Bach Au Ciel" by Serge Rousseau. The rest could not be expected to be successful poetry or prose, but it should be something better than nonsense verse and humor echoing the TV and the Four Stooges:

"Enough will rhyme with tough
But rough won't rhyme with bough
Dough will rhyme with though
But what will rhyme with plough?"

Pieces of this kind I marked "H" for Hilarious, in reading the book: until they began to look Pathetic, and finally plain Embarrassing.

Not that all, or even most of the contributions fall that low. The average offering (speaking for the average Canadian teen-age mind?) is a kind of sweet eight-year-old's Song of Innocence pronounced by a big nineteen-year-old kid. A touch of adult pessimism, for example, will dissolve in a vision of deep wisdom—a return to the infantile faith that "all is well," Mummy and Daddy have come home. But occasionally this youthful innocence in our retarded children becomes genuine, the same ideal that Blake discovered.

But after all, many of these young people are just full of beans: which is better than trying to utter the ineffable. Many of their "themes", comic and descriptive, deserve "A grades," but not book publication. And some kind of Honorable Mention should be given to a few superior contributors: Robert Melville, Michele Landsberg, Allan Petrie, David Lewis Stein, Helena Frecker.

To all the young folks in the book, I offer apologies for this review. On their part, it wasn't meant to be all that serious; or, to put it differently, the exam set—considering the stunted culture in which we have grown up—was much too tough.

Louis Dudek.

THE GREENHOUSE IN THE GARDEN: Charles Edward Eaton; Twayne Publishers (New York); pp. 64; \$2.75 (U.S.A.).

Mr. Eaton is an American poet, and *The Greenhouse in the Garden* is his third book. He makes acknowledgment to numerous magazines, among them the *Forum* and two other Canadian ones, and he is hailed on the dustjacket by five American critics, whose comments were invited before publication: an embarrassing procedure. Kenneth Burke claims he was moved to tears. He is sharper than this reader: "I caught the genuine poignancy behind their loveliness." What emotion there is seems, indeed, masked, and by a hothouse luxuriance of expression. Not exactly a solid front of bloom, however: the growth seems both involved and straggling.

This effect comes partly from the range of experience treated, centring upon what Mr. Burke calls "retrospective gallantry" and bordered at one extreme by the dark (frequently "purple") vegetable passions of a life seen as natural, at the other by Jamesian subtleties of a world that tenuously existed or fell short of existence and whose present being is shut away from us as an Eden or a greenhouse-womb. The greenhouse cherishes at one remove from the burning of passion: at one moment it seems to transcend time and judgment, at another the poet can raise the question whether "beauty clambered from a world corrupt. How much the greenhouse were the grave." As the greenhouse is the garden's womb, the house, whose corridors and stairways articulate as well the outdoor as the indoor scene, is its heart—threatened alternately by flooding green and the flames of obscure desires, and haunted by the shapes of a number of ill-adjusted ladies in evening dress. The subject whose impressions the poems are supposed to focus never quite possesses anything: gardens, houses and women all support a remote and thwarting life of their own. At the same time they seem parts of his own consciousness gone adrift, burdened with no independent significance. The real sharers in the scene are unconsciously possessed by it: they are the young, athletic and suntanned, who ride, swim or dance. The poet watching them in summer—it is the outsider's "they" of envy—thinks of fall: he feels that their life lacks something ("As though this prowess physical, alone, is soul, And the power-green and the power-blood were nature and were man"), but can add from his contemplations only the elegiac sense that dominates the book. His regret embraces, besides the lost past, a past that never was and a present close to him but out of reach, sealed off by walls of flesh or glass. The poetic technique bears out the sense of the enlabyrinthed and inaccessible: Mr. Eaton's resources are not those of precision and economy. Rhythm in his hands becomes undependable, grammatical connection far from certain: one cannot always say whether an effect was designed or just sprouted.

Though sometimes, faintly, there was poison in the breath
Of always flowers, she, the fountain of their hue and tone,
Why should he disrupt, through any lack of faith,
Dominion of the hour by which they were alone? . . .

Only a woman's artful artlessness could make him feel
How lustral was the beauty of the red,
And what, for sometime now, not being felt, could not be
said,
Might know another coronation in the wake of her appeal.

After an hour or so of reading, Mr. Eaton's nostalgia of the unachieved begins to overpower. An interesting and attractive book is lying swamped in the undergrowth, but this reviewer is quite unable to hack it out: one more lost possibility to regret.

The dust-jacket offers no help. Mr. Burke tries hardest:

The poems have many moments that interest me also for
their bearing upon what I call the "hierarchical psychosis."
(For instance: "He held the flower, imperial and chaste,
And knew where in dominion she still would have him
lord.") And, of course, I look for such connotations in
"white," by reason of its antithesis in southern black.

The only "black" in the book is that of a lady's dress: is Mr. Burke being frivolous, or is there really so little one can say? Mr. Eaton's in themselves rather venial faults, that his poems are embryonic and that his style is pretentious, are not redeemed by such an introduction: people who live in glass-houses shouldn't load big guns onto the roofs. J. M.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES: W. B. Yeats; Macmillan; pp. 592; \$4.00.

The 1955 edition of the *Autobiographies* adds four shorter essays to "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" and "The Trembling of the Veil," bringing Yeats' account of his life up to 1923, and embodies his final corrections. "Yeats' account of his life" is an approximate phrase; for in spite of the chronological arrangement and the histories of the groups and movements with which Yeats worked, the book portrays not the man but the artist, and that primarily as a sentient surface reflecting what it receives. For all his involvement in the events and with the people described, one is struck first by the writer's passivity. He can see at one instant and another with a diamond clarity, but one illumination seems unconnected with the next. The light is most intense in the wonderful sayings and anecdotes with which the book is starred, and in the darkly brilliant comments concerned with the development of his art.

Yeats' prose is very self-conscious and mannered, designed rather to convey a cast of mind than to record or delineate: he speaks of it indirectly:

. . . I listened to *Arms and the Man* with admiration and hatred. It seemed to me inorganic, logical straightness and not the crooked road of life, yet I stood aghast before its energy . . . Shaw was right to claim Samuel Butler for his master, for Butler was the first Englishman to make the discovery that it is possible to write with great effect without music, without style, either good or bad, to eliminate from the mind all emotional implication and to prefer plain water to every vintage, so much metropolitan lead and solder to any tendril of the vine.

Our prose expression follows on the whole Butler, Shaw and Graves, so that what seemed to Yeats a purified and sinewy English strikes us as laborious and affected. Here it

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is cut across from time to time by quotations like that from a Salvation Army captain: "My friends, you have the kingdom of Heaven within you and it would take a pretty big pill to get that out." What can be done in an appropriate context with a deliberately heightened prose (here based on dialect speech) is shown by the quotation from Lady Gregory that closes "Dramatis Personae." Yeats is not a great writer of prose, but here and elsewhere he quotes with genius. A wordly woman who joined Madame Blavatsky's group soon became entangled with "two young men who were expected to grow in to ascetic sages": HPB called the offender before her and held forth on the necessity of chastity for the spiritual life, concluding, "I cannot permit you more than one." Yeats' meditating on the marriage of Heaven and Earth made an old servant in the house dream "that her bishop, the Catholic bishop of Sligo, had gone away 'without telling anybody,' and had married 'a very high-up lady, and she not too young, either'."

Occultism was of course only one of Yeats' interests: Irish nationalism, the Abbey Theatre, and the worlds of art and literature are still more prominent in the *Autobiographies*. But we are shown nothing in its own light, and almost nothing for its own sake. Yeats says in one of his prefaces, "I have said all the good I know and all the evil: I have kept back nothing necessary to understanding." The material of the book is that also of many of his poems, but in no sense raw: this is a different working. The understanding offered is accordingly not historical or psychological, but an artistic creation that is impersonal but not disinterested: perhaps a mask.

J. M.

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THE VIKING BOOK OF FOLK BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD: Edited by Albert B. Friedland, Macmillan; pp. 473; \$5.75.

This well-arranged anthology is a welcome addition to the growing library of ballad collections. Unlike *The Ballad Book* by MacEdward Leach (reviewed in *The Forum*, October, 1955), this does not aim to provide a modern counterpart of the Child collection: Mr. Friedland's goal is the general reader, not the university class.

But although his object is avowedly less ambitious than Mr. Leach's, Mr. Friedland has not lowered his standards in any way. He gives less than 150 titles as compared with Mr. Leach's 370, but his texts and variants are carefully chosen and authentic, and his notes on each title are simple but informative. His introduction is a fascinating discussion of ballad history, style, meter, refrains, and music, with a particularly useful section on the varieties of ballad which lie outside the Child collection.

Instead of following the traditional but unstimulating arrangement dictated by the Child numbers, Mr. Friedland has grouped his ballads by subject: the fifteen sections cover supernatural, religious, historical, Scottish border, and humorous ballads; romantic and domestic tragedies; pastourelles; "Tabloid Crime" and "The Criminals' Good-nights"; "Accidents and Disasters"; "Outlaws, Pirates, Bad-men, and Heroes"; "Songs of the Forecastle and Lumber-shanty"; and "Cowboy and Frontier Ballads." Such headings encourage browsing and permit comparisons that are lost in the long unclassified lists found in many tables of contents. Tunes are given for some two dozen ballads scattered through the book, and a useful bibliography and discography have been included.

If you want a good introduction to the whole field of ballads, you could hardly do better. Edith Fowke.

WORDS OF FAITH: Francois Mauriac, translated by Rev. Edward H. Flannery; Philosophical Library Inc.; pp. 118; \$2.75 (U.S.A.).

This collection of six addresses reveal the author, so often accused of a profound pessimism, as deeply imbued with the Christian theological virtue of hope. Its appeal will probably be greatest to those who are familiar with Mauriac as a novelist. However, it holds considerable interest as a Christian view of the situation of man in modern Europe, voiced by a highly literate and intelligent Roman Catholic of liberal tendencies, well versed in current trends of thought and action.

Most of the addresses were delivered in the post-war era. The first, however, was given in Spain in 1929, reflecting a situation in that country which seems far-removed from the present. Its main concern is to show the inadequacies of secular humanism as compared to Christianity. In it Mauriac turns the language of psychology against those humanists who base their anthropology on its findings. "Many people," he declares, "repress the longing for God." This address will probably seem less out-of-date on this continent than in present-day Europe.

Most of the remaining addresses are in the vein of homiletic rather than apologetic. Deeply influenced by Pascal, as Mauriac admits himself to be, he nevertheless is quite aware of one of the greatest weaknesses in that great man's thought, his intense preoccupation with individual salvation. To this obsession, as it has engrossed Pascal and others, he traces, with a sure hand, a connexion with the "anguish" which preoccupies a current theological school and which can involve a distortion of the traditional Christian doctrine of God.

To "anguish" Mauriac opposes the Christian virtue of charity, as to communism and all other materialisms he

opposes the grace of God and human free will, as exemplified in the priest-workmen and JOCist movements in France.

The political interests of Mauriac the journalist are reflected in the discourses, adding much to their timeliness. His attacks on the "antiquarian" spirit in Europe which shows more concern for the fabric of ancient churches than for the faith, on that "strange capacity for deifying things that . . . men . . . have, even when they are Christians," are stimulating and thought-provoking.

Though he denies any claim to be a philosopher or theologian, Mauriac is clearly well-versed in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith and alive to their implications for man as he lives in the world today. While there is little in the book which has not been said, in one way or another, by other Christian writers in modern times, the fact that it is Francois Mauriac, distinguished modern novelist and journalist, Nobel prize winner, who says them, is impressive. His words are words of faith and words of hope, no shallow optimism, but realistic about man as he is and about the facts of the Christian faith as well as his own experience in this faith.

H. M.

WELSH SHORT STORIES, selected and with an Introduction by Gwyn Jones; The World's Classics, Oxford University Press; pp. 352; \$1.25.

Canadian readers who are unfamiliar with the vigor of the literary life of modern Wales will be startled by this rich anthology of twenty-six contemporary Welsh short stories. Wales like Canada is a small bi-lingual country; it too is sometimes fiercely divided by language and racial problems. Yet here are brilliant short stories originally written, all save four, in English by eighteen youngish Welsh-speaking Welshmen. Except for Dylan Thomas and Arthur Machen, few of them are well known internationally. They are admired on a smaller stage and mainly as poets and defenders of the struggling Welsh language. Their work in English, like their names (Jones, Evans, Thomas, Davies, Williams and Hughes) belong to a tradition that is fiercely Welsh and very much alive.

All of these writers, like the editor, come from South Wales, a land of collieries, docks and steel mills. But almost all of them seem to have revolted from the rich, raw ugliness of that industrial world. Except for the heroic old Balzacian and social critic, Caradoc Evans, they write stories that conform closely to a well defined tradition that is at once romantic, earthy, sensual, musical and poetic. They write with nostalgia of a life that perhaps never existed except in literature. It was lived close to the soil, in simplicity of thought and complexity of imagination, in a rural Wales of sheep farms, spirits and rustic mysteries. At first glance the themes seem varied: chapels, singing, gypsies, death, fairies, bards, drunks, witches, lust, half-wits, brutalities, grotesque humor. In reality, they are closely related in spirit by their vivid, child-like imagination and by the weird presence of things felt but unseen. In a curious mixture of sensual realism and bitter humor, they retell Mabinogion-esque tales of unearthly, folklorish charm.

All this is strictly within the old druidic literary tradition of Wales. To do it well, more than a dash of the Welshman's love of poetry and word-music is essential. The success of these stories depends to a great extent on the qualities of style and on the musical cadences Welsh-speaking poets have brought into their English prose. It is a style that is eloquent, earthy, filled with rustic imagery. Its poetry is child-like, moving, quaint, reminiscent of J. M. Synge's experiments with the Irish peasant tongue. It uses a strange word order and a grammar that is crude, but clear. It is a much more authentic reproduction of the real Welsh speech than the

"indeed to goodness, whateffer" tags that English caricaturists since Shakespeare have used to malign the English used in Wales. Here you find true Welsh word-music of a remarkable kind and of extraordinary variety: wistful or crudely realistic, poetically, movingly soaring or brutally Flaubertian in its complete lack of emotion. But always having a musical cadence that is as caressing to listen to as it is quaint to read.

This anthology is an excellently chosen sampling of the rich literary output of modern Wales. Clearly her thousand year old tradition has not been hampered in the least by her vigorous bi-lingualism. Canadians might sit up and take notice of what other bi-lingual countries do so well.

C. Meredith Jones.

COUSIN ELVA: Stuart Trueman; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 224; \$3.50.

In this light-hearted account of the goings-on in a New Brunswick tourist home Mr. Trueman has created one of the few really amusing Canadian novels. Critics have noted that he does to New Brunswick what Stephen Leacock did to central Ontario, and the comparison is apt. In fact, while Leacock fans may consider it heresy, I have to confess that the boarders at Trimble's Tourist Rest Haven amuse me more than the inhabitants of Mariposa.

The setting is the mythical town of Quisibis on the far-from-mythical Bay of Fundy coast, and the book is thoroughly saturated with salty maritime atmosphere. The form—that of a diary kept from May 15 to December 24 by amateur hotel-keeper Frank Trimble—provides the loose framework needed to portray the zaniest group of individualists who ever got together in one summer resort. The prize, of course, is Miss Elva Thwaite, the "Cousin Elva" of the title. When the Trimbles are persuaded to rent the old

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Thwaite house for a summer hotel, they find that Captain Thwaite's elderly granddaughter goes with the house. Immediately she announces that she prefers to be called "Cousin Elva" because "Miss Thwaite" might make good-looking bachelor tourists think she was an old maid. From then on she proceeds to make things hum for the Trimbles and all their more-or-less paying guests: Mr. Bogson, a moonstruck octogenarian; Mr. Priddle, a Boston neurotic who came to Quisibis in search of peace and quiet; Wiley J. Spean, the American tourist who has done "thirty states and three provinces in ten days"; the ardent fisherman, Eddie Hostleman, who is unhappy although he can haul in the legal quota every day from his privately stocked pool; and Nathaniel Scribner, an old sea dog who owns and operates the most exclusive Model T in New Brunswick.

Eventually Cousin Elva relaxes her bouncing pursuit of everything in trousers long enough to stir up a rousing climax: she attaches heart-wrenching notes to about eighty Christmas trees headed for the American market, and the Rest Haven is promptly snowed under with gaily wrapped parcels addressed to "Little Elva."

All in all, Mr. Trueman has concocted a thoroughly hilarious conglomeration of characters and incidents. I hope we'll be getting more books from his typewriter.

Edith Fowke.

MR. HAMISH GLEAVE: Richard Llewellyn; Michael Joseph; pp. 284; \$3.00.

Mr. Hamish Gleave is a civil servant—not a clerk or something in statistics, but an important, high-up official in External Affairs. His goal, legitimate and within his reach, is an ambassadorship and knighthood. He has a house in the country, a wife, two children and a mistress. Why should the finger be put on him as fair game, by the Russians?

Llewellyn uses the facts of Donald MacLean's life as the basis of this book, but his interpretation of the reasons behind MacLean's defection to the Communists in 1951 is more subtle and interesting than any account of MacLean himself. One acquaintance of MacLean writes that he had been a left-wing sympathizer since university days, that he drank a great deal and that he was so far mentally unbalanced as to require the services of a psychoanalyst. These facts mean very little and *explain* nothing (and do not appear in Mr. Gleave's life). Llewellyn does, however, attempt the explanation.

Hamish Gleave loves England—but he loves the England of his father's youth, when people such as he had plenty of money, owned their own homes instead of worrying about the mortgage; owned Rolls-Royces instead of Austins; raced their own horses at Epsom instead of watching someone else's, and had a staff of servants. People had money now, but *not the right people*. Either upstart nobility like his co-frere Lord Berish (only third of his line) or upstart Cockneys like Calton-Islip who managed to own a good slice of England. Gleave is humiliated for his country when, abroad at conferences, he must live meanly. The Russians on the other hand, live well—Russian opulence without the vulgarity. To these truly middle-class values the Russians appeal, not in vain. In the end, Gleave goes over to the Russians, because he sees in them the only hope for people like himself—the man of the true middle class. A most ingenious paradox.

S. Lambert.

THE LONG WALK: Slavomir Rawicz; Longmans, Green and Company; pp. 241; \$3.00.

This is an extremely well-told escape story which has already captivated the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic. In the U.K. it has become one of the two best sellers of the year. At least half a dozen translations will be forthcoming in the near future.

Rawicz, a young Polish cavalry lieutenant, deported in 1939 to Soviet Russia on trumped up charges of spying, went through the calvary to which many deportees were subjected: arrest, prison, endless interrogations which failed to extort a confession of guilt, fantastic trial, imposition of a twenty-five year sentence, deathly journey in cattle trucks—"sixty men jammed immovably" in each—a trek on foot handcuffed to a chain, and finally a term in a forced labor camp near Yakutsk in a virtually inaccessible part of Siberia.

Rawicz organizes the escape of six fellow-inmates and then leads them southwards towards Lake Baikal, across the Trans-Siberian railway, to Outer Mongolia and the Gobi Desert. The desert claims the lives of two people, a member of the original party and a girl (Kristina's role has been described with dry poignancy) who joined the group on the way. The rest, half-dead, push on by sheer determination through the provinces of Kansu and Chinghai in China, Tibet and over the Himalayas (where two more succumb) to India and ultimate freedom.

The economy of expression and the simplicity of style in *The Long Walk* achieve almost classic proportions. What is striking is Rawicz's obsession with the idea of escape, which helped him to surmount obstacles and led him on to his unique achievement, almost at the cost of his life. This obsession was the condition of a double success, that of an escapee and that of a writer. It is this obsession that accounts for the slightly blurred picture the reader gets of various stages of the great venture, while at the same time it conveys the intensity of feelings and impressions.



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The film endlessly developing in front of the fugitive's eyes tends to be colored by his impressions and is a reflection of his own thoughts to a much greater degree than if he were an ordinary traveller. In the grip of a sub-human lassitude the escapee is bent upon himself: he thinks, sees and lives primarily his own efforts or those of his companions, who are inseparably tied to him. Time, places, people, names, days and nights are all blended in a dream-like reality where certain details assume extraordinary clarity, as contrasted with others which are relegated to insignificance.

The Long Walk is a truly Homeric story and its values are such that the recent discussion whether the escape actually happened seems immaterial. The panel of B.B.C. experts including Eric Shipton, Dr. Rupert Clarke, Peter Fleming and Colonel A. P. Hodges, all of whom have had explorer's experience in this part of Asia, fired questions at Rawicz for forty minutes, probing his knowledge of Asia's geography and folklore and trying to map his itinerary. Rawicz kept his answers strictly within the bounds of the text. It is indeed possible that he may be now unable to think of his experiences in Soviet Russia apart from his book; in the last fourteen years he has recounted his story many times and the version which has finally emerged as the result of his co-operation with Ronald Downing has in all probability an ideal form which is the distilled essence of many years of dreaming and re-living of the escape. The argument for the veracity of Rawicz's story rests certainly not on details which he may not recall any longer, but on his sincerity and on the indications that he seems to have been inspired essentially by his experience and not by imagination. The experts themselves reached no verdict but confirmed that the story is excellent and makes fascinating reading. Indeed, the book has a reality of its own apart from the actual escape: the account of a Herculean exploit has been given here a lasting narrative quality.

W. J. Stankiewicz.

THE REPUTATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS-MAN: Sigmund Diamond; Saunders; pp. 209; \$5.25.

Here we have as bizarre a little piece of research as you are likely to encounter for a long time. The author has apparently thought it worthwhile to consult several hundreds of newspapers, magazines, trade union publications and company publications in order to extract from them obituary pieces on six great American businessmen—Girard, Astor, Vanderbilt, Morgan, Rockefeller and Ford, who died respectively in 1831, 1848, 1877, 1913, 1937, and 1947. The purpose of all this researching is not quite clear. At different times it occurred to me that the author was studying the American press, public opinion, the history of ideas, concepts of the entrepreneur, or the rise of public relations. He himself seems to view his work as a contribution to the study of "mass communication," whatever that may be. Whatever his purpose obituaries would seem to be very poor source materials, and the limitations of his sources which the author recognizes in his brief introduction do not begin to exhaust their debilities. The book itself is unforgivably dull. The author makes noble efforts to bridge the gaps between long quotations with well wrought sentences—but in the end there is really nothing you can do with obituaries.

The author's conclusions are mercifully short. He is impressed with the difference between the public comment on Girard's death, when business success was viewed as the just reward for certain personal qualities of the entrepreneur, and the orgy of the printed word on Ford's death. But then, the slimy obscenities of public relations were in the ascendant and the poor man had to be made to serve as a symbol of

everything that was beautiful in America. The author seems to think that "To portray certain persons as heroes, to endow them with particular qualities, to associate them with attitudes considered essential for the preservation of society are among the primary functions of the press" (p. 178). The change in the press's treatment of Girard's death and Ford's death derived "from the increased self-consciousness that was the result of growing attacks on entrepreneur and economic system, (and) provide a striking illustration of the manner in which mass communications contribute to the maintenance of the consensus required for the functioning of society" (p. 182). Even if this is not pretentious nonsense, it seems to me that the press itself provided many of the "attacks on entrepreneur and economic system" in its fairly rough handling of Vanderbilt and Morgan. Was it then shamefully derelict in its duty in society?

J. H. D.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ECONOMICS: Walter A. Weiskopf; University of Toronto Press (The University of Chicago Press); pp. 266; \$4.00.

That economists are products of their culture, and that their ethical preconceptions should be identified, is sound doctrine. Professor Weiskopf makes some useful contribution to this identification. When he turns to "psychological" explanation he seems to me to exhibit an odd mixture of cleverness and silliness. I doubt the interpretation of Adam Smith in terms of "inner doubts about the validity of his theory and about the ethical justice and beneficiality [sic] of the system he advocates" (p. 47). But this is easy to swallow compared with sexual interpretation of Malthus and Marx. Those who fail to react as I do to the following quotation may expect to rate this book higher than I do. "As the father deprives the son of his penis, so the capitalist deprives

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the worker of the surplus value . . . Castration means the removal, the deprivation of a part. In Freudian thought it means the cutting off of the male genitals. In Marxian thought it means the taking away of the surplus value. Marx symbolizes surplus value by the sign prime. In the formula which describes the capitalist process of circulation M-C-M', the prime after the second M represents the surplus value. This is an obvious penis symbol" (pp. 156-57). With the chapter on Marshall we are back to something more sensible. Of course the equilibrium theorist must be careful not to see equilibrium where it is not, but where he would like to believe it is. But it did not need a book of this sort to put most of us on our guard.

V. W. Bladen.

NATIONAL COMMUNISM FOR POLAND?

(Continued from front page)

rational line is often indistinct. To argue—as some “experts” did—that to back up a resurgent satellite may make the Soviet Union suspicious and therefore jeopardize the issue, results in paralysis. To say, on the other hand, as Mr. Dulles did, that any involvement of U.S. troops would mean war and that therefore troops will not be used, is an elementary tactical error. Merely to see everything in black and white contrasts may have harmful effects, as the policy of the fundamentalist Woodrow Wilson has shown. But to practise T.V. diplomacy and announce beforehand what will or will not be done to an opponent who uses a precise apparatus of propaganda and subversion is surely the height of imprudence. Politicians who have nothing but crude and inept statements to offer should remain silent.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ.

NEW ANTHOLOGY

Anthony Frisch, whose anthology of poetry and prose by high school students is reviewed in this issue, is hoping to publish a new anthology next year, composed this time of poetry and prose by Canadian civil servants, federal, provincial and municipal, including members of the Armed Forces. Manuscripts should be mailed to Mr. Frisch at 28 Meadowland Drive, Brampton, Ontario. The deadline is December 31, 1956.

Our Contributors

MURRAY POLNER is a freelance writer of New York City; KASPAR D. NAEGELE is with the department of anthropology, criminology and sociology of the University of British Columbia . . . GABRIEL GERSH has been a frequent contributor during the past two years.

NOTE FOR CONTRIBUTING POETS

Although we do not wish to discourage anyone from submitting poems to the *Canadian Forum*, contributors should keep in mind the fact that our supply of accepted poems makes it unlikely that any poem will be published before eight months after the date of acceptance.

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